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In This Number Articles and Stories by Arthur E. McFarlane John S. Wise, William Allen White, Owen Wister and E. Nesbit

The Plain Soda Cracker

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"An Antiente Greate Companie"

By Arthur E. McFarlane

THERE are few of us but feel the romance and melancholy in old ships. Every port has its deserted, moss-bearded wharfs where they may be found forlornly nodding, garrulous patriarchs with infinite things to tell and none to tell them to. But what of those ancient and tenantless warehouses which here and there be-lee them? Not one of them but stood once for the pride and strength of some all-confident great enterprise, inland or on the seas. And now there is in them almost that emptiness of vaulted old water-mills from which the stream has been long since diverted.

Here, too, surely, are melancholy and romance enough. For, be certain, never was there commercial venture worthy of the name to whose promotion some man did not yield himself wholly, building his life into it, giving it more of labor and yearning than could ever have been drawn from him by the desire of fame and the love of women. But of every hundred of those kingdoms, ninety have passed away with the first generation. A second generation and not three have remained.

Why should this be? We know what forces send the bravest bark or brigantine into a lonesome superannuation. They have their limit of existence. Have, likewise, all trading and trafficking, along with *their* romance, *their* allotted time and span of life? Or, on the other hand, is there no all-governing reason why they should die at all?

This whole field of question is one which has had curiously little plowing. In the hope of turning up some stray, placer truth it is our purpose, in this and the papers that follow it, to attempt a study of some memorable companies launched here in America a century or more ago. As the times compelled, all devoted themselves in the main to the fur trade. But in men and methods they differed exceedingly. One was typically and immovably English; another was as dashingly Scotch, or Celtic if you like. Another inherited the Franco-Spanish instincts and commercial practices of old St. Louis. A whole buckskinned group were frankly of the uncombed and dauntless West. Another, which died in blameless infancy, was of purest Boston and Harvard inspiration. And the last—and for a time it promised to be the greatest of all—was guided and controlled by a New Yorker who was undoubtedly the most remarkable business genius produced by the opening years of the nineteenth century. Each of these companies, after its own manner, made a seemingly successful fight for existence; each had its adventures, left behind it the tale of its experiences, illuminated by painful and joyous anecdotes; and in turn each, save the first, passed away, slowly or with violence.

And since it is good modern pathology to seek the sources of life and death in the still living, with that first enterprise shall this series of studies begin.

We have to deal not merely with the oldest of six companies, but with the oldest of all chartered companies in the British Empire, probably the oldest in the present-day world. In 1664 two Huguenot Frenchmen, Pierre Radisson and the Sieur des Groseilliers, having shown an uncommon boldness in opening new trade routes in the region of the Upper Lakes, were by an appreciative governor of New France mulcted 10,000 livres for "exploring without a royal warrant." And, doubtless because they had not 10,000 livres, we soon afterward find the pair in Boston. There, by their tales of the wealth that might be made from northern furs, they greatly inflamed the imagination of one Zachariah Gillam, master of the Nonsuch ketch. Zachariah was, unhappily, possessed of as little of the root of all evil as either of those doubly bankrupt Huguenots. But he seems to have shown his faith by sailing them across to London. And there they fell in with eighteen "London merchauntes" who were simply waiting anhungered for the offered opportunity. In 1668 the Nonsuch steered a course into Hudson Bay. A fort was built, guardedly topped with a row of eight-pounders, and a holdful of mink and beaver skins sent back to Gravesend.

In those days, however, the primal requirement of every new company was a royal charter. And this, by the intervention of Prince Rupert, chosen as first "Governor," was with little difficulty obtained. Nor was that charter illiberal in its terms. "Ye Gouvernor and Companie of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson Bay" were given sovereign monopoly over all those parts of North America not already held by France and Spain or comprised in the plantations and colonies adjacent to the Atlantic. This meant something more than one-third of the entire continent! In addition, too, to the actual grant, the "Adventurers" were solemnly empowered "to make war or peace with any prince or people whatsoever that are not Christians, and to be permitted for this end to build castles and fortifications." The device taken by the Company was *Pro pelle cutem*—"A skin for a skin." And if they did not at once avail themselves of their privileges to begin skinning the heathen savages, they did commence to build those "castles and fortifications." By 1690 they had one at the mouth of almost every great river flowing into not only Hudson but also James Bay to the south of it.

Already, too, they had had a chance to use them. For war had broken out between England and France. But—and this is despite all explanations on the part of favoring historians—it is abundantly evident that the Adventurers had no mind to rob their brothers of the army and navy of any of their proper glory. When the French came with superior force to possess themselves of those castles, all passed off decently, and, as it were, between friends. It is true that one waspish little naval engagement took place, but the worthy traders could not be blamed for that. It is also true that a certain ill-minded New Englander in charge of a Fort Hays' twenty-four pounder—which had forethoughtfully been provided with only ammunition enough to hold the powder in its place—proceeded to make good the lack with broken glass—"that ye assaylantes should have not only ye daylighte admitted into 'em, but that ye same might also be fitlie leaded and be-glazed"—from which unprincipled purpose he was horrifiedly restrained. In 1693, when the "Court of Adventurers," as the London committee of the Company was generally known, made an offering of 225 guineas in dividends to King William the Third, we find them explaining with patriotic unction that "those common enemies of all mankinde, ye Frenche, made it less than it might otherwise have been."

Yet we can see from the first that as Adventurers they were very heroes in cautiousness. Their governing idea of trading with the savages was to have the savages come and trade with them. Their "factories" were all alike fortifications, and their "factors" and "chief factors" did their trading from the top of battlemented walls. They hauled up peltries and goose-quills, bear's grease and castoreum at one end of a rope and let down their equivalent in dry-goods and hardware at the other. They showed no desire whatever to explore that "land spoken of as unknowne" which made up their unmeasured principality. In 1691 Henry Kelsey, an apprentice youth of eighteen, made a precocious pilgrimage into the wilderness, where, like a veritable little David, he slew two gigantic bears; thereby, too, he won the heart of the loveliest daughter of the Misstopashisbees and brought her back with him to the fort, much to the confusion and scandal of his reverend seniors. Fifty years later another "Company's man," Samuel Hearne, made his journey to the icy mouth of the Coppermine. But for our own part we feel that Hearne was better fitted for philosophy than exploration. When a visiting delegation of Crees removed most of his possessions he sets it down in his journal that "the weight of our baggage being so much lightened, our next day's journey was much pleasanter." And his guide, the aged Matonabee, was a philosopher of no less merit. He it was who advised the use of women as porters. "For," he said, "women were made for labor. One of them will carry or haul as much as two men. And, albeit they do everything, they are maintained at a trifling expense. For they always act as cooks, and the very licking of their fingers in scarce times is sufficient for their subsistence."

But of necessity it is the policy of the home group, the governing members, which must afford us the really profitable observation. By what uncommon art or knowledge were they able to build a house which has now lasted for two hundred and thirty-seven years? At first thought we might well believe that John Portman and William Prettyman and James Hays and the rest of them were merely a lot of sinful, time-serving old schemers. When they could no longer have Prince Rupert for their windward anchor, they chose the next most powerful noble, James, Duke of York. Following him came Lord Churchill, afterward Duke of Marlborough. If they spoke harsh and patriotic things against the French, it was because they had "in a greate iron cheste" a huge bill of damages which they later intended to try to manœuvre their government into collecting for them. When they asked for additional privileges—among them that of "going after whale's bone and oil," they pointed out that this would "add greatlie to the increase of navigation and the breede of seamen." It was also their intention to persuade the savages to wear cloth instead of furs, "which, in course of time, will considerably advauntage ye woolen trade at home."

But there was in those "smug antiente gentlemen," as Lord Bolingbroke called them, something much more than surface craft and plausibility. From the beginning we find them rejecting their own prejudices for expert opinion. It had been a

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles by Mr. McFarlane on the old trading companies.

traditional belief in London that savages would give all they possessed for a few beads and a bit of red cotton. But they ask Radisson about that, and the Sieur de Groseilliers, whom they have somewhat dishonoringly translated into "Mr. Gooseberry." The Frenchmen assure them that American savages are imbeciles for only a season or two. And the Court of Adventurers act accordingly. They determine not to send out gauds and baubles, but such things as will assist the savages to increase their annual captures of game, and make easier the curing of peltries. Thus their second ship contains 500 excellent fowling-pieces, with powder and shot in proportion, thirty gross of knives, 2000 hatchets, and also brass kettles, coats and blankets.

Will not the savages use the guns and hatchets against the traders? The Adventurers have observed such deplorable turns of events take place in French Canada; but may not this have been because the savages were not treated according to the proper principles of trade—principles which the Adventurers hold to be axiomatic alike for Cheapside, Timbuctoo, Hudson Bay, or for that matter Mars itself? Only reliable goods are to be handled; there must be a standard and unvarying scale of exchange, and all bargains must be lived up to with punctilious exactitude. This should make the savages their friends. And we all grin at such blessed simplicity. But—*ecce signum!*—it *did* make the savages their friends. For two centuries the Adventurers controlled the greater part of Canada with never an "Indian trouble."

Again, the contents of that "greate iron cheste" being a constant reminder of how evil a thing is war, those "London merchauntes" resolved not only to live at peace with the natives, but to have all the various tribes they dealt with living in peace as well. "Tell them," they wrote to their agents, "that it doth nothing advantage them to kill and destroy one another; that thereby they may so weaken themselves that the wilde ravenous beastes may finish those that survive." And this advice not appearing to be potent, a note of quite another sort is sent: the next tribe that began hostilities was not to be supplied with powder or shot for a year, "and thus their enemies will have the master of them, and quite destroy them from off the earth. This must work some terror among them." And it most certainly did.

And from their first voyage those Adventurers prospered like green bay trees. If they traded fairly, it must not be supposed that the same prices maintained in Fenchurch Street and Fort Albany. For twelve beaver skins they gave a large gun; for five beaver skins one pound of powder and twelve of shot; for a single beaver skin a large and small hatchet, or eight knives; and other prices were in proportion. We learn that, in 1676, when the sloop Prince Rupert was hawsered in for its annual sale at Gravesend wharf—all purchasers being afterward treated to a dinner of fowles and sacke at Ye Steelyarde—an outbound cargo which cost £650 realized £19,000! But it is quite as certain that such Chippewas and Assiniboines as had been able to exchange their superfluous peltries for inventions of steel and wood more marvelous than any medicine-man had ever dreamed of, believed that, verily, if there were ever children and fools, they were those white men!

At any rate, we soon find the Company beginning to pay dividends of fifty per cent. In 1693 they rose to seventy-five per cent. and they felt justified in increasing their original capital stock threefold. In spite of that, by 1720 their dividends were again running at seventy-five per cent., and again, with no great risk of overcapitalization, they were able to treble their stock. In 1727, even Russia became jealous of the amount of furs they were taking, and Peter the Great appointed General-Admiral Apraxine—whose name was given to one of the warships recently gathered in by the Japanese—to go forth and study the possibility of founding a second such company on the Pacific shores of America. And at the present day only the great Russian Fur Company exceeds the "H. B. C." in the proportions of its trade.

In 1747 the Adventurers were employing 300 traders and factors. In 1770 from York Factory alone 30,000 beaver skins were sent back, to say nothing of other commodities in kind. The yearly ship now brought home a cargo worth £40,000—£50,000—£60,000. Well might that London Court of Adventurers invite their captains to dine, and make them presentations of silver-gilt flagons.

The Company had been brought to the test, too. In 1721 it had undergone as searching a trial of virtue as ever a thriving corporation was subjected to. For that was the year of the South Sea Bubble, when almost every English enterprise that had earned a copper penny was increasing its capital ten, twenty and one hundred fold. What, therefore, must have been the temptation to a Company which had been paying dividends of seventy-five per cent.! The Adventurers sat in their grand council-chamber, and their flesh ached at it. But—but—well, as has been noted, they had trebled their stock only the year before, for which reason they could not now, to be absolutely certain, count on more than twenty-five per cent. per annum; and that, in the opinion of the Adventurers, was parlous tetchy reckoning. They hesitated, and continued to hesitate. And when, a few weeks later, came that still-echoing cataclysm, we feel that the lesson stayed with them for one hundred and eighty-four years.

For, as we follow the Company's history, ever and always we see one thing, and that is an eternal, all-cautious conservatism, something almost more Fabian than the country itself in which those Adventurers were bred. They might be continually calling for greater activity upon the part of their executive officers, declaring bitterly that some of them would rather "lie abedde of ye scurvie than, by curing themselves with white spruce sap, be in case to return to their laboure." But the committee which governed things at London came as near sitting

And They Did Their Trading from the Top of Battlemented Walls

tight and taking no risks at all as have any group of merchants who ever signed their notes-of-hand.

Again, since the year of the South Sea Bubble, there have been six generations of Adventurers, and among their governors not only famous captains of war but also Chancellors of the Exchequer and presidents of great railroad systems; yet the first young Napoleon of finance has still to captain their phlegmatic, oaken-sided galleon. Before the present chief, Lord Strathcona, was advanced to headship, he had served an apprenticeship of fifty-one years, and had passed upward through as many grades of rank as would have made him commander of an army corps. Moreover, at no time, either, does any single intelligence appear to have been thought capable by the Adventurers of exercising a preponderant control—and this is also something to reflect upon.

It is probable that in every kind of business whatsoever, real and lasting prosperity depends upon some one principle or group of facts inherent and peculiar to the enterprise in question. All men in business *know* that, whether or not they may unswervingly compel themselves to act upon that knowledge. Those Adventurers of England had invested their money in something which from its very nature would seem to be the most transient of all sources of income. The valuable fur-bearing animals disappear before the advancing Caucasian with a rapidity which is almost incredible. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries two trained *coureurs de bois*, or bush-runners, from Montreal were equal to "making a clean dish" of a thousand square miles of the richest beaver country in five years. And we have our modern instance in the case of the Alaska seal. Yet only in the present year does the report of the Hudson's Bay Company confess that the general volume of furs brought in appears to be falling off! And this is because the Adventurers came early to realize that the prosperous longevity of their particular business must depend almost altogether upon the maintenance of the *status quo* of natural conditions as they found them.

They took the risk of introducing firearms, but they would go no further. They gave employment to no white trappers of any sort. From the beginning of time the Indians had preserved the balance of biped and quadruped; and, those Englishmen reasoned, if let alone they would in their own interests continue to preserve it. More than that, any policy that would rob the natives of their essential heritage must beyond any doubt mean eternal enmity and war. Nor would the Company chance the altering power of any other forces upon their coppery coadjutors. When they realized how deadly was the effect of brandy upon them, they saw to it that what little they obtained, when they made their yearly pilgrimage to the forts, was weak enough, and that they took none back with them. While treating the Indians with justice and humanity, they as systematically discouraged all missionary effort: they had a belief, which the early history of French Canada had gone some distance toward confirming, that an excess of missionary zeal made for strife; and, as aforesaid, the one thing they asked for was peace. Also they did not want "civilized," field-tilling Indians; they wanted them left as hunters, even as they themselves had left them their hunting-grounds. As frankly, too, did the Adventurers oppose all immigration! They declined to admit within the limits of their jurisdiction and responsibility any elements whatever over which they could have no control.

What did they consider their responsibility? That of planting a new growth in America with as little interference as was humanly possible with what was rightfully there before it; that of not burning and laying waste the surrounding forest with the idea of giving their plantation more growing room—too much direct sun-glare is not what wise men invite—the responsibility, indeed, of live and let live. Within a hundred years the Company had made itself almost as much a part of Northern Canada as the Laurentian rock. And when, at the end of the eighteenth century, there came up against the Adventurers the most fiercely powerful of rival companies, after almost a generation of battling, they were able to throw it off and destroy it.

The details of that struggle must be left for the story of that rival company. Enough here to say that it was a struggle which changed the character of the victorious corporation itself. To carry on the war, it had had to follow its rival south into what is now Minnesota, north almost to the Arctic, and west and southwest over the Rockies to the Pacific slope. Thus, after many years, it came at last to occupy its own territory. It had now to hold it. And now, too, with the strange quickening power of digested victory, it underwent a saving metamorphosis. It proved that its conservatism had not been the conservatism of pigheadedness by opening its doors to all the most brilliant and active spirits which had fought it. And at the same time it adopted the best of their ideas.

It had at last determined to possess its empire, and in the governor who stood forth in 1821, Sir George Simpson, it obtained a typical empire-builder. He began from within. From the company's once great rival he borrowed a new system of promotion. To that he added a scheme of his own for rotation of service and another of regular leaves of absence, so that every employee should broaden to

his work as he aged and mounted. To a system of absolute discipline and established grades he coupled the wholly democratic principle of profit-sharing. Where previously each fort or factory had naturally worked for itself alone, the interests of all were now as naturally knit together. By a complete plan of intercommunication, of regular collections and distributions, he gave all the various branches of the Company one individual life. There were posts so remote that it required years to get goods to them and return their furs to London. But even the most outlying finger-tip was made to feel the steady pump and draw of that far-off central heart.

Being mindful, too, of the Napoleonic maxim that an army travels on its stomach, Simpson and his marshals now made their infant industry learn to feed itself. About every post was established a farm. The "H. B. C." knew that wheat could be grown far north of the Saskatchewan long before the Government of Canada took cognizance of that fact. At the mouth of the Columbia it established salmon fisheries. On Vancouver Island it mined coal. From Fort Garry—now Winnipeg—every year there went forth a great buffalo-hunting expedition; often twelve hundred Red River carts took part, and in time the Company's notes became like wax paper for pemmican grease.

Between the years 1821 and 1846, during which period the Oregon boundary still remained unsettled, the Company crossed the Divide by the Missouri and extended itself far down into California. To handle that Pacific trade it soon required six vessels and more than twenty posts. Two thousand miles to the north it was within the Arctic Circle at Fort Yukon and Fort MacPherson. As far to the eastward was Fort Chimo in Labrador. The names of many of those posts have their own import, too. We have Fort Reliance, Fort Confidence, Fort Good Hope, Fort Enterprise. It might well be a map commemorating some stubbornly-fought campaign. The Company could number one hundred and ninety fully-equipped stations and more than three thousand men. It now divided its territory into four great provinces, and to visit them in succession gave Simpson a life of uninterrupted travel. At the head of Lake Winnipeg, and midway between the Rockies and Hudson Bay, he set up a kind of capital known as Norway House, and focused the trade of the entire West upon it. He was at this time, in the words of Washington Irving, "the commercial emperor of half a continent."

But greatness is not in magnitude. And it was as if the Company had now determined to found a sort of new Roman Empire, one of peace and fair exchange. Swarms of Russian traders, under the auspices of their Government, had established themselves in Alaska, and promised to give much trouble. The Company entered into an arrangement to provide them with fresh provisions from its great farm on the Columbia. A few years more and it was inducing them to join with it in refusing to sell liquor to the Indians. Another ten years and the Czar decided that he could with profit call home his own traders, and, at an annual rental of two thousand sea-otter skins, lease out their privileges to the English corporation!

The Company's attitude was the same toward its American rivals now rapidly advancing northward from St. Louis. If it could not make treaties with them, it at least never pursued any policy of retaliation. In 1824 one Jedediah Smith succeeded in diverting down the Missouri a large taking of furs intended for Norway House. If not actual stealing, it was exceedingly "clever business." The

They Did Not Want "Civilized," Field-Tilling Indians

following winter he found himself half-starved and snow-stayed in the Company's hunting-grounds in Northern Oregon. The "chief factor" of Fort Vancouver used his post as if he had been the Abbot of St. Bernard. He nursed Smith back to strength, sent out for the furs which he had abandoned, bought them from him at standard prices, and directed him back over the Divide with an escort and a draft for $20,000 on London. The incident was brought to a close by Smith, in almost tearful gratitude, giving notice to his partners that there would be no more poaching from Hudson Bay territory while he was of their company. "They cut our throats with kindness," wrote Farnham, another would-be competitor in the service of John Jacob Astor. And the point is that the Englishmen from the North were not philanthropists; they merely had their own ideas of what is "good business."

They declined as steadily to be drawn into the strife of the law courts. Thirty years ago the gray-headed retiring solicitor took his successor to the back of the inner office, and showed him a great row of primitive filing cabinets. "There are years of chancery in those boxes," he said, "if they had been in the hands of any one else" —which gave the younger man some stuff for meditation. In the forties the California department of the Company owned a freehold farm of a thousand acres overlooking the Golden Gate. It was given up because two valued chief factors were disagreeing over it. The site of that farm is now covered by the centre of San Francisco. Surely that, at any rate, you say, can hardly be called "good business." Doubtless not—if you believe that the incident can be larger than the principle. Always, too, the Company was preventing the natives from falling out among themselves. Every tribe it touched came soon enough to know that war would prove terrible only to him who first should draw the bow. We find that the most backward tribes came in time to recognize the moral obligation of punishing their own offenders. We find, too, that, wherever the Company went, within a few years it needed no "castles and fortifications"—the Indians became its natural allies

But we can well afford to leave out all panegyrics. The Company was working solely for its own interests. All the while it was gravely gathering in ever-increasing profits. It had also come to realize that change is the order of all human things, and it was sapiently preparing itself for new mutations. They came. In 1846 the settlement of the Oregon boundary turned it back, almost in mourning, into the limits of British North America; but it did not part with its property south of the line for nothing. In 1867 the withdrawal of Russian dominion from Alaska ended—at a good high figure—another of the Company's great trading leases. Already, too, it was plain that Western Canada must be at last entirely opened to immigration. The Company had that sense for the inevitable which is the peculiar jewel of successful sovereignty. It acquiesced. And in exchange for its right of monopoly it demanded comparatively little in money—£300,000. But if it was to continue as a force in the country it must have land. It asked for a twentieth part of each new township to be opened up within the Fertile Belt. Land was the one thing in which the Canadian Government of the sixties was rich, and the Company got that twentieth. It also asked to be allowed to keep the plowed or grazing acreage with which it had surrounded its posts and forts. Here, also, it asked only what was just, and its demand was granted. As a result, the Company is now one of the greatest town and country landlords in the West. During the last two years, where its profits from the fur trade have amounted to £201,903, it has sold farms and building-lots to the value of £450,923. Plainly its prices are in no sense nominal; and it sells only to increase the value of its land remaining. If it did not keep its thousand acres in San Francisco, it possesses almost a square mile in the heart of Winnipeg, as also proportionate holdings in a hundred other rapidly growing centres. For the Company's forts had marked where those centres were to be! More than that, to make ready for the present springtide of homeseekers, it has opened mines and tanneries, saw and grist mills, real-estate and banking offices. Its more southerly posts it has one by one transformed into rural or urban department stores!

In short, only with the present immigration would it appear really to have "got its growth." In another century it should reach full maturity; after which it may, with reason, hope to live to a green old age.

Nor is this mere rhetorical foolery. The ancient Company has already outlived the empires of Spain and France and Russia on this continent—yes, and has seen that of Great Britain all but follow them. The dynasty which granted it its charter exists now only in history and the romantic

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IN THE WINGS WITH IRVING

Great Actor, Good Host, Pleasant Companion

By JOHN S. WISE

THE death of the great English actor, Henry Irving, so soon after that of the great American actor, Joseph Jefferson, is the last of many coincidences to be noted in their long careers. They were nearly of the same age. They began their labors in the theatrical profession about the same time—Irving in England and Jefferson in America. They achieved their great reputations from the humblest of professional beginnings, advancing in popularity almost step by step together. While their rôles in the dramatic art were essentially different, they were much alike in many things in private life, but in nothing so much as in the strong hold gained by each in his own country, and retained and growing to the day of his death, upon the warm affections of their fellow-countrymen.

It is safe to say that no two men in the world had as many friends and as few enemies as Irving in England and America, and Jefferson in America. Irving had the advantage over Jefferson in the fact that he visited America more frequently than Jefferson visited England. On this account alone can it be said that Irving's personal popularity was more widely extended.

It was my good fortune to know Irving well during the last fifteen years of his life, and I count it a great privilege, not more because of his unquestioned genius than by reason of his delightful personality. I first met him in London when he was playing Shylock to Ellen Terry's Portia in The Merchant of Venice. I believe it was the greatest of all his productions, taking into consideration his marvelous support from Miss Terry. It is needless to add that I was delighted to receive an invitation to the banquet which he set upon the Lyceum stage after the performance was over. I was a stranger to Irving, and forget who it was that procured the invitation for me, but it was probably J. L. Toole, the celebrated comedian, another friend of mine. No man was more gracious in his reception of Americans than was Henry Irving. He had been generously received in America and seemed always anxious to show his sense of appreciation to his American cousins. Among those present, as I recall them, were Cummings Carr, Bliss Carman, Hall Caine, and Senator Jones, of Nevada. Miss Terry was among the few ladies present, and I think she still wore the costume of Portia delivering judgment. Among others in the party I recall a young curate, who had some sort of authority in St. Paul's Cathedral and made an engagement with Senator Jones to show him through the place, an invitation from which, to my great distress, I was omitted, not being an American Senator.

Irving, as presiding host of the feast, was simply charming. There was not a guest who did not receive at one time or another some particular recognition, which made him feel that he was neither forgotten nor neglected. The accessories of the entertainment were as scrupulously planned and looked after by Irving as were those of the performance on the stage, and the company was swelled every now and then by the arrival of other actors from the other theatres of London, as they were enabled to drop in after the close of their respective performances. Wit, good-fellowship and happiness in all present marked the gathering. I am sure I took no notice of the hour at which it was over, save to regret the close of one of the most pleasant

evenings of my life, as I wended my way to my quarters at the Savoy Hotel.

Bram Stoker, Irving's manager, was much in evidence. Between him and Irving a perfect and cordial understanding always existed. Stoker was the very opposite of Irving in physique. The latter was a dark, delicate-looking man, past middle life, quiet, suave and exceedingly precise; the former a strapping young blond, filled with life, jollity and heartiness. Stoker loved Irving devotedly, watched over him, kept bores away from him, fought his battles, conducted his diplomatic business and delighted in the task, as if he were a strong young son caring for a weak father. Irving, on the other hand, admired Stoker as possessing the lustiness of which he felt the lack in himself, and trusted him implicitly in all things, as well he might, for Stoker is one man among a thousand.

Stoker and I were fast friends from the first. Our greetings were cordial at another supper a few days afterward, given to Irving by Toole at the Garrick Club after the close of Irving's performance of King Lear at the Lyceum. King Lear is a long play. Many of the guests were assembled about the banquet table, drinking hot Scotch and discussing the performance for some time before Irving arrived. I recall that Mr. Knight, the celebrated Shakespearian commentator, sat to my right. From the walls around us the portraits of Shakespeare, Garrick, Siddons, Kean and many another great leader of the dead dramatic hosts looked down upon us. Conversation naturally turned to Irving's rendition of Shakespearian plays. All agreed that he was a marvelous interpreter, as indeed they well might, for the power and depth and shade of expression which he could throw into every sentence of the great master was a revelation, even to the closest and most enthusiastic student of Shakespeare. Yet, that very night and in Irving's play, I had seen, in more than one mediocre supporter, a sad failure to make the best, with intelligent comprehension and expression, of the humbler parts, and, insignificant as they were, they made discords with Irving's true conception, tending to mar the play. Somehow, it came to me to express my views, and, although according to Irving the full measure of recognition of his genius, I took occasion to say what I had often felt, that there are few of the historical plays of Shakespeare which are not greatly crippled in their presentation on the stage by the inevitable limitations of the stage itself; that, though the stage of a theatre is adequate to the representation of a society play, or even to a play of the class of The Merchant of Venice, yet the attempt to produce plays like Macbeth, Richard III or Henry IV, in the cramped area of a theatre, however large the house may be, with the mediocre talent available to support the star in the many parts of such a play, inevitably detracts not only from the grandeur of the play itself, but from the power of a master like Irving. For my own part, I added, I would much more enjoy hearing Irving read the whole play, leaving it to my imagination to supply the details of scene and actors, than the best performance of it of which any theatre I ever had seen was capable.

An enthusiastic American friend present cried out, "You are talking treason! How dare you say such a thing with all these ancient worthies looking down upon you, and surrounded by actors? You ought to fear that you will be struck dumb for blasphemy!"

Mr. Knight leaned over and, speaking beneath his breath, said: "I quite agree with you, but, of course, in my position, I wouldn't dare to say such a thing in this presence."

About that time Irving arrived and the whole current of conversation was changed. It was delightful to see the deference and real affection shown Irving by the other distinguished members of the theatrical profession who greeted him. He entered into the spirit of the fun of the evening with as much zest as any of the younger men present, and nobody applauded more enthusiastically several capital songs rendered by some of the younger men. There was no attempt at speaking, but everybody was called on to sing a song or tell a story, and Irving acquitted himself very well in a little character-sketch showing the peculiarities of one of the local celebrities, whose name I forget.

Never Too Busy for Friendship

HE WAS exceedingly civil to me in many ways while I remained in London, and it surprised me that a man so busy with more important matters had so much time for considerate attention to a stranger.

The following year Irving came to New York. It had so happened that, on the invitation of the late A. M. Palmer, I had addressed the theatrical people at one of their annual Actors' Fund entertainments at Palmer's Theatre. In the speech I made to them I had elaborated the ideas above set forth concerning the limitations of the stage, and the proceedings were printed, including my address. The whole thing, however, made very little impression upon me. It was one of many that had passed entirely from my memory.

Of course, I called upon Irving as soon as he arrived in New York. He and Stoker were the same congenial friends I had known in London, but what surprised me most on my

Sir Henry Irving

visit was that, within fifteen minutes after we came together, Irving stepped to his secretary, took up a printed copy of the proceedings at that Actors' Fund meeting, and proceeded to say:

"Do you know, my dear Wise, I have just been reading that speech you made to the Actors' Fund meeting? I am very much interested in it. It expresses the exact thought I have had a thousand times, and the effort to make the stage adequate to the representation of the scenes and to obtain people who, in supporting me, would not make both Shakespeare and myself ridiculous, has been the greatest struggle of my life. Of course, what you say about enjoying hearing a play well read more than seeing it performed is true with intelligent, educated, imaginative people, but uneducated people and unimaginative people would be bored by the best reading of Shakespeare in the world. They never will comprehend him fully. The best we can do for them, and they are the mass of people, is to present Shakespeare's genius to them in the most attractive garb in which it can be presented upon the stage in the hope that they may learn something, if not all. I realize, even more keenly, perhaps, than do you, the necessary limitations of the dramatic art. I never leave the performance of one of Shakespeare's plays without feeling bitterly how sadly it has fallen short of conveying the full meaning of his words."

Killing Cæsar with a Revolver

IRVING was an artist in the true sense. He had a painful sense of fitness in all his productions. He was sometimes ridiculed for his exactions that the minutest details of his plays should be made to conform to the general design. But the fame he achieved was due to his contending for these things. When incongruities appeared in his plays they literally tortured him; at the same time he enjoyed immensely what he called "American anachronisms."

I remember telling him of a benefit which I attended in Washington given to Edwin Adams shortly before his death. It was in the hot summertime, when little care was taken in selecting the support. The pall-bearers who bore the King's dead body in the play chewed tobacco on the stage and expectorated on their own shoes, so as not to attract the attention of the audience. That amused Irving greatly, as did also the story of the Texan play, where the conspirators who killed Julius Cæsar used a five-barrel revolver.

Jefferson and Irving came together at my house, and it was delightful to see them. Each sincerely admired the other and delighted in the other's company. Both refused to talk about theatrical matters, saying that they had too much respect for each other to talk about such uncongenial subjects. Jefferson took excellent care of himself. He had no taste for late hours and dissipation, but retired early. I think he told me he made it a rule to be in bed by one o'clock when he was acting, and much earlier at other times. But Irving was a perfect night-owl. He told me he ate dinner only once a week, meaning thereby that on all other days his theatrical engagements prevented him. But his once-a-week dinners were great affairs, and whenever he was in New York he gathered about him every Sunday night a company of his friends. On other nights he generally had a hearty supper after the performance and seldom retired until the wee sma' hours.

In an article which I recently wrote upon President McKinley I described a famous supper at which Irving and a number of distinguished men were present. Irving had a way of selecting one thing at a banquet, which he considered the best, and confining himself to that. When he came to my house he and Stoker both concentrated upon Southampton ham. I have never seen two people who enjoyed it more, and on one occasion, when they were leaving for England, I had my Virginia cook prepare and send on the steamer for them ham and biscuit—two delicacies which they declared to be unequaled on either continent.

An amusing thing occurred one night at The Lambs' Club in New York. It was the night of one of their gambols, and Irving was present. It was the custom of the club to travesty the popular actors of the day. Harry Dixey, who is an inimitable mimic, was brought in dressed to represent Henry Irving. He had Irving's walk, Irving's voice and Irving's mannerisms down to perfection. He came in with a tin-bucket, walked as Irving walked, to an imitation pump, and pumped for some time without getting any water. Then, looking up with the very expression and intonation of Irving, he said: "Ha! Ha! We—never—miss—the—water—till—the—well—runs—dry."

The thing was so ridiculous and so like Irving that the guests immediately went into convulsions. Irving sat there with his elbow on the table and his hand under his chin, watching Dixey with a curious grim expression on his face. General Horace Porter sat next to Irving and nudged him, saying:

"Irving, what do you think of it? Do you like it?"

Without changing his pose or his expression, Irving replied: "Ha! Ha! I say I do, but I don't."

I remember one occasion at a dinner given to Irving by General Horace Porter at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. There were very few of us present, and we drew Irving out upon the subject of the stage. He spoke freely of his views as to what the stage should be and what it was capable of, for good or for evil. He explained his idea and his motive in the great outlay which he insisted upon in the presentation of his plays. He dwelt, too, upon his aspirations as interpreter of the great men whom he represented. The man's ideals were of the loftiest. His ambition was honorable. His purpose was to elevate the stage and improve the intellectual and æsthetic calibre of the patrons of the drama. No man could be with Irving and hear him talk without realizing that the influence of the stage is greater than the thoughtless are wont to concede, and that every instinct and every aspiration of Irving was toward a higher standard.

The Man Behind the Mask

THE last time I ever saw him here we were disappointed in several social engagements. He was so occupied that he could not come except late at night and then was physically unfit. It was necessary that he should nurse himself. One day I received from him a very large photograph with a pleasant inscription begging me to dine with him at his hotel on the following Sunday night. I did so with the greatest pleasure, and, now that he is gone, it is a double pleasure to reflect that I saw him, although it necessitated canceling other engagements. He made Mrs. Wise the guest of honor, and, as usual, had assembled about him a number of charming people. Discussing the delightful entertainment on our way home, we agreed that Irving was a curiosity in his way, in his attention to the minutest detail. He was punctilious that the soup should be hot, and found one of the wines too cold and another too warm. His entertainments were as near correct as they could well have been, and his hospitality never was surpassed by that of anybody else. There was a touch of sadness in what he said, something unexpressed but apparent, the subtle expression of a feeling that we should not be together on many more occasions. I shall cherish his picture, because it was in the very character in which he died—that of Becket.

Casting back over life's friendships and acquaintances, it is a pleasant thing to recur to the few really highly intellectual people whom we have known, in whose life and conversation there was the least of the grossness and sordidness so often seen mingled with great qualities. Henry Irving was certainly one of these. Refinement was ingrain and ever-present with him; sympathy and courtesy were two of the most prominent of his characteristics; thoroughness in everything and the demand for it in others was an essential part of his life. He was a man of great learning, of individuality, and, indeed, of an appearance so emphatic that he was Henry Irving no matter what he said or what he played. But he was always considerate, affectionate, charitable—charitable not only in the open hand that helped so many quietly, but in his judgment and in his speech. The stage will always cherish him in time to come, and through all time, as perhaps its greatest man in his day; and his friends, whose name is legion, owe it to his memory to place on record that he was one of the truest and best fellows that ever lived and died. Comforting, indeed, is the thought to those who loved him best that Irving's ashes are to rest where they belong, by the side of Garrick, in the great Abbey, with the greatest of England's dead.

THE BOLTON GIRL'S "POSITION"

By William Allen White

WHEN she said she would like to "accept a position" with our paper, it was all over between us. After that we knew that she was at least highly improbable if not entirely impossible. But then we might have expected as much from a girl who called herself Maybelle. There is, however, this much to be said in Maybelle's favor: she was persistent. She did not let go till it thundered! We could have stood it well enough if she had limited her campaign for a job on the paper to an occasional call at the office. But she had a fiendish instinct which told her who were the friends we liked most to oblige: the banker, for instance, who carried our overdrafts, the leading advertiser, the chairman of the printing committee of the town council—and she found ways to make them ask if we couldn't do something for Miss Bolton. She could teach school; indeed, she had a place in the Academy. But she "loathed school-teaching." She had always felt that, if she could once get a start, she could make a name for herself.

Sometimes He Thought It was a Report of a Fire and at Other Times It Seemed Like a Dress-Goods Catalogue

She had written something that she called "a critique on Hamlet," which she submitted to us, and was deeply pained when we told her that we didn't care for editorial matter; that what our paper needed was the names of the people in our own country town and county, printed as many times a day or a week or a month as they could be put in type. We tried to tell her that more important to us than the influence of the Celtic element on our national life and literature, was the fact that John Jones of Lebo—that is to say, red John, as distinguished from black John, or Jones the tinner, or Jones of the Possum Holler settlement—was in town with a load of hay. "Others," we explained carefully, while she looked as sympathetic and intelligent as a collie—"other papers might be interested in the radio-activity of uranium *x*; they might care to print articles on the psychological phenomena of mobs"—to which she snapped eager agreement with her eyes—"others, with entire propriety, might be interested in inorganic evolution"—and she cheeped "Yes, yes!" with feverish intensity—"but in our little local paper we cared only for the person who could tell our readers with the most delicacy and precision how many spoons Mrs. Watkins had to borrow for her party, who had the largest number of finger-bowls in town, what Mrs. Kersey paid for the broilers she served at her party last February, and the name of the country woman who raised them, and why it was that all the women failed to make Jennie's recipe for sunshine cake work when they tried it." These are the things that interest our people, and he, she or it who can turn in two or three columns a day of items setting forth these things in a good-natured way, so that the persons mentioned will only grin and wonder who told it, is good for ten dollars of our money every Saturday night. And Maybelle thought it was such interesting work, and her eyes floated in tears of happiness at the thought of such joy. If she could only have a chance! It would be just lovely—simply grand, and she knew she could do it! Something in her innermost soul thrilled with a tintinnabulation that made her quiver with anticipation. Whereupon she went out and came back in three days with five sheets of foolscap on which she had written an article beginning: "When Memory draws aside the curtains of her magic chamber, revealing the pictures Meditation paints, and we see through the windows of our dreams the sweet vale of yesterday, lying outside and beyond; when stern Ambition, with relentless hand, turns us away from all this to ride in the sombre chariot of Duty—then it is that entrancing Pleasure beckons us back to sit by Memory's fire and sip our tea with Maiden Meditation." What it was all about no one ever found out; but the Young Prince at the local desk who read it clear through said sometimes he thought it was a report of a fire and at other times it seemed like a dress-goods catalogue. It would have made four columns. As he put the roll back in the drawer he rose and paced grandly out. At the front door he stopped and said: "You'll never make anything out of her—she's a handholder! When a girl begins to get corns on her hands, I notice she has mush on the brain!"

But Maybelle returned, and we went all over the same ground again. We explained that what we wanted was short items—two or three lines each—little references to home doings; something telling who has company, who is sick, who is putting shingles on the barn or an "L" on the house. And she said "Oh, yes!" so passionately that it seemed as though she would bark or put her front feet on the table. One felt like taking her jaws in his hands and pulling her ears.

The next time she came in she said if we would just try—give her something to do—she was sure she could show us how well she could do it. On a venture, and partly to get rid of her, we sent her to the district convention of the Epworth League to write up the opening meeting. About noon of the next day, she brought in three sermons, and said that she didn't get the list of officers nor the names of the choir because they were all people who lived here and every one knew them. Then we explained in short, simple sentences that the sermons were of no value, and that the names were what we desired. And she dropped her eyes and said meekly "Oh!" and told us how sorry she was. Also she said that if it wasn't for a meeting of the T. T. T. girls that afternoon she would go back and get the names. As she went out the Young Prince, sitting by the window with his pencil behind his ears and his feet on the table, said: "I bet she can make the grandest fudge!" "And such lovely angel food," put in Miss Larrabee, who was busy writing up the Epworth League convention.

Miss Bolton's name was always among the lists we printed of the guests at the Entre Nous Dancing Club, the Imperial Card Club, the "Giddy Young Things" Club, the Art Club and the Shakespeare Club. But when she came to the office she was full of anxiety at the frivolity of society. She said that she so longed for intellectual companionship; she felt sometimes as if she must fly to a place where she could find a soul that could feel in unison with the infinite that thrilled her being. Far be it from her to wish to coin the pulsations of her soul, but papa and mamma did need her help so. She accented papa and mamma on the last syllable and leaned forward and looked upward like a shirtwaist Madonna. But writing locals someway didn't appeal to her. She wondered if we could use a serial story. And then she went on: "Oh, I have some of the sweetest things in my head! I know I could write them. They just tingle through my blood like wine. I know I could write them—such sublime things—but when I sit down to put them on paper something always comes up that prevents me going on with them. There are dozens whirling through my brain begging to be written. There is one about the earl who has imprisoned the young princess in a dungeon, and her lover, a knight of the cross, comes home from a crusade and is put in the cell next to her, and a bird she has been feeding through her prison window takes a lock of her golden hair to the window where her lover is looking out across the beautiful world, not knowing she, too, has fallen into the earl's clutches. And, oh, yes! there is another about Cornelia, who lived in a moated tower, and all the

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Bestowing the Same Passionate Fervor on Her Hemstitching and Tucking that She Wasted on Literature

She Had Written Something that She Called "A Critique on Hamlet"

Buck Murphy's Mollification

The Story of Selma Pederson's Steady

By Kennett Harris

Buck Murphy Swaggered into the Hall

Man is but wax, though he may
  Often like marble appear;
Woman he has to obey
  Ever, from cradle to bier.
  Though we rebel, it is clear
We must acknowledge her sway.
  Still, by a frown or a tear,
Woman will have her own way.
  —*Ballade of Tyrant Woman.*

THERE seemed to be nothing wrong with the dance. The music, by Kahn's orchestra, was perfectly lovely, the floor was waxed to the highest possible degree of polish, the beer did not seem to be in evidence, and as Inez McCarty, of the Ribbon Remnants at Feldchild & Sigelscott's, pointed out to Selma Pederson, of the Notions in the same mammoth establishment, "there wasn't no tough crowd."

Selma felt reassured. She had come with some misgivings, to tell the truth, having ideas of her own about Luxembourg Hall, but no function could have been more decorous, as Inez had intimated, and she certainly was having a good time. One of her partners in particular, a rather insignificant youth with a vacuous expression and light bushy hair, waltzed just splendidly. Selma, being exceptionally pretty and consequently in demand, had been able to give him only two dances, but she resolved that if she came again ——. There was really no reason why she should not come again, she reflected.

Just at that moment sounds of a disturbance proceeded from the anteroom. A rich, manly voice said, "Aw! fergit it, fergit it!" and something seemed to be slammed against a partition. Then a compactly-built, red-headed, red-necktied, carnation-buttonholed young man with a very wide mouth, very square jaw and very determined expression, swaggered into the hall and smiled comprehensively on the company. Somebody near Selma said: "It's Buck Murphy. I'm going to duck before the trouble begins."

Mr. Murphy, seemingly quite indifferent to the sensation he had created, walked up to one of the fluttered floor-managers and spoke to him. A minute later he was bowing, with a backward scrape of his foot, to a young woman in a cherry-colored frock, the most conspicuous beauty on the floor. Just then Selma's partner claimed her for a quadrille, and soon she saw that Murphy and the cherry-colored girl were dancing in the next set.

It was marvelous the way that young man danced. His energy was tremendous and contagious; it infected the whole set. When he swung partners he swung them; there was no half-way business about it. He swung them clear from the floor in a whirl of skirt, petticoat and stocking, heedless of breathless remonstrance. When he balanced, the weird jig-steps that he executed, their admirable precision and clean finish, fascinated all beholders. Selma was certainly fascinated.

"Who is he?" she asked of the patchouli-scented young man who had just turned her meekly around in a measured waltz step.

"Him? Oh, that's Buck Murphy! Ain't you never seen him afore? He broke in 'thout a ticket an' took Henry Smolenski by the neck an' slung him agin the wall when he tried to stop him."

"Why don't they throw him out?" asked Selma indignantly.

"Him? Not on your full-length enlargement—not unless they called in the patrol wagon. When Buck gets started there's suthin' doin' in the emergency ward."

"He looks good-natured," said Selma reflectively, noting the red-haired young man's affable grin as he conversed with the cerise belle.

"He's good-natured enough when he gets his own way," said her partner.

"He wouldn't get his own way with me," said Selma with a shake of her pretty fair head, and her partner laughed as they chasséed to the opposite couple.

The next dance was a waltz. Selma noticed that the redoubtable Buck waltzed well—as well, perhaps, as the bushy-haired youth. Certainly, she thought, he must be good-natured. Every once in a while she could hear his mellow laugh above the buzz and chatter of the room. No one could laugh like that and be of an ugly disposition. And how particularly strong he looked!

But, alas! it was not more than a few minutes after Selma had indulged in these reflections that there was a sudden confusion over by the orchestra and a hasty scattering of the dancers as a man shot out from the centre of a group, sprawling on his hands and knees. One of the girls screamed and Selma recognized in the prostrate man her erstwhile partner of the waltz. Half-crouching over him, his square jaw rigidly set, his gray eyes blazing with wrath, muscles tense and fists clenched, was Murphy.

As the bushy-haired youth essayed to rise, one of the floor-managers caught Buck's arm. The terror simply placed his hand on the interventor's chest, and, with what seemed the slightest push, sent him staggering backward. At that instant Selma spoke:

"You let him alone and behave yourself!" she said, stepping in between the furious man and his victim.

For a moment it seemed as if Murphy would strike her as she stood before him, pale with indignation, but fearless and unflinching, her dimpled, rounded chin proudly raised, her gaze steady and level. Buck stared at her, and, as he stared, the anger slowly died out of his eyes and a humorous twinkle succeeded. It was a perfectly magical transformation. He actually smiled.

"Just as you say," he said agreeably. "But you'd best take him home. I'm liable to break him if I handle him agin."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Selma severely. "I should think you would be."

"Fergit it," grinned Buck. "Places all!" he shouted, as his late adversary was led away. "Say, what's de matter wid youse? Start up dat music! Where's me lady?" He looked around; then, as the orchestra began to play, he followed Selma and touched her arm. "I've got suthin' comin' from youse," he said. "You've got to dance this out wit' me."

"I'm engaged," said Selma coldly.

"So'm I," he rejoined pleasantly, "but my girl's quit me, and I don't see nothin' o' your feller. Here's where we set de pace for 'em."

His arm encircled her waist and the next moment he was whirling her through the dancing throng, her head was resting on his broad, firm shoulder, her cheek almost on the lapel of his coat as he bent forward. How easily he moved! How exactly his step went with hers! How skillfully he piloted her, and with what absolute support!

"You've got 'em all faded," he said admiringly, when the music stopped. "Say, dat was a corker! I'm glad I come here. Dere ain't a fairy in de bunch can touch you."

Selma's cheeks were glowing and her eyes bright. She looked at the red-haired young man and smiled. "Where are you going to?" she asked, for Murphy was making for a door.

"To de bar, o' course," he answered. "Ain't you dry?"

The girl drew back and relinquished his arm. "You're goin' alone then," she said decidedly.

"Not on your life." He tried to take her hand. She looked at him, and he abandoned the attempt with a laugh that was a trifle shamefaced.

"I guess you're all right," he said. "Say, you wasn't never here afore, was you?"

"No," answered Selma, "and I ain't likely to be here again. I'm going home now."

"Aw, fergit it!" said Murphy. "Well, if you're going I'm agoing, too."

"Did you come in without a ticket?" asked Selma, looking at him.

He was entirely unabashed. "Sure," he answered with his captivating grin.

"Then go right now and pay for one," she commanded gravely.

He stared at her.

"If you want to go out of this place with me," she added, and Buck Murphy turned on his heel and hurried to seek the doorkeeper.

Selma was at her place at the notion-counter the following afternoon when Buck Murphy, appareled in checks, with a baby-blue necktie fastened with a flashing diamond, and his hat very much on the side of his head, appeared suddenly before her. She looked at him without recognition—stonily.

"Say, dis is a frost," remarked Murphy with exaggerated dejection. Then he added: "Aw! be a good feller."

"Was there something?" inquired Selma, ignoring the friendly overture.

"Sure," answered Buck. "I'll call you. What have you got?" He looked at the trays on the counter before him and with great deliberation selected a card of hooks and eyes, a pyramid of pins, a spool of tape and a darning-egg. Then he looked up at Selma with a twinkle in his gray eyes and the girl laughed in spite of herself.

"That's better," commented the young man.

Selma's smile faded. "Twenty-two cents, please," she said in a businesslike tone.

She took the five-dollar bill that he skinned from a roll of greenbacks, rapped for a cash-girl and sent her admirer's purchases to the wrapping-desk. He waited a moment while she serenely looked past him into vacancy. Then:

"Ain't you agoing to loosen up?" he demanded.

"I told you you weren't to come here," she said.

"Not even when I want hooks and eyes?"

"Was There Something?"

"I'll see that somebody else waits on you then," she said in her decided way. "Here comes your package. Now I want you to go."

The young man went away with a somewhat crestfallen air, but when Selma left the store at six o'clock he was on the sidewalk waiting for her and joined her in a matter-of-course way.

"Who said so?" she asked.

"Oh, I had a hunch!" he replied airily.

"You've got another hunch coming, then," said the girl. "I don't want you waiting around for me, that's straight. Ain't you got nothing better to do than to loaf around all the afternoon?"

"Not a thing," he replied.

"Then you'd better find something," she said sharply. "Ain't you got a trade?"

"Sure, Mike; I'm a machinist. But I ain't workin' at it steady."

"Why?"

"Got a better graft. Work don't agree with me, anyway. I'm too strong for it."

Selma flashed him a contemptuous look and then jumped lightly on to a street car that was waiting at the corner. Murphy followed her. The car was crowded with the six-o'clock rush, but Selma was used to standing. She reached for a strap.

"Say, pal," she heard in Buck's mellow voice, "git up an' give de lady a seat."

The man addressed barely looked up from his newspaper and then returned to its perusal with renewed interest. The instant following the paper was struck from his hands, and Buck's forward-thrust face with its set jaw was within four inches of his own, Buck's gray eyes fixing his in an angry glare.

"I was speakin' to youse, see?" growled the terror of the Eighteenth. "I said: 'Git up and give de lady——'"

He stopped abruptly, for Selma's hand was on his arm. "Behave yourself," she whispered.

Still glaring at the unobliging person who had ignored his polite request, and who was now trying in a pale, wavering way to return the glare, Buck slowly withdrew from his aggressive attitude and unclenched his fists; then he gave a short laugh and, as the man stooped, muttering unintelligibly, and picked up the torn paper, turned to the girl.

"Just as you say," he said with a cheerful assumption of indifference. "It's a measly shame, dough, dat dey don't run stock cars on dis line. I'll put it up to de president de next time I feed with him at de club. Dere's sure hogs enough to make it pay."

Selma vouchsafed no reply.

"Aw, fergit it!" said Buck insinuatingly. "What's de matter wit' youse? I was just afoolin' wit' him. Say, I ain't got no overcoat on an' I'm chilly all down me right side."

"Move out on the platform and warm up then," retorted Selma, smiling, nevertheless.

"I don't need to now," said Buck, smiling happily. "Two, and two transfers, pal." This last was to the conductor.

"I didn't ask you to pay my fare," said Selma as the young man stuck the transfers into his pocket.

"I know I didn't have to," he rejoined, "but my money hurts me an' I have to git reckless wit' it oncet in a while. Times I've blew myself for as much as thirty cents an' not thought nothing of it. Robey's our cross-line, ain't it?"

"It's mine," answered Selma. "I don't know where you get off at."

"I don't neither," said Buck with a grin. "That's what's been akeepin' me guessin' ever since last night. Say! I'm stuck on them little curls around your ears; dey're as cute as a spotted pup."

"You don't get off with me," continued Selma, disregarding the compliment.

"Guess again."

"Well, you don't."

"You've got one more. Give it up? Well, it's you an' me to an ice-cream joint when we hit de cedar blocks. I buy. Den you figger whedder de Temple Roof or de Chutes for dis evenin'."

"I think I see myself," said Selma scornfully. "I like nerve, but you suit me too well."

"Dat ain't nothin'," said Buck; "I'm tryin' to start you easy. An' when it comes to nerve you ain't in need of no tonic."

"If you'd been left in the brine-tub a little longer you'd be all right," said Selma—"maybe. I'll say good-by to you now."

She made her way to the door, and Buck, following her, helped her to alight.

"Now fer de dago," he said, steering her by the elbow to the ice-cream and fruit emporium on the corner of the street.

At the curb she shook her arm free and faced him. "You can go now," she said firmly. "Here's my car coming an' I don't want you should get on with me."

He begged her to "fergit" this determination. He attempted to repossess himself of her elbow, but at the look she gave him as she drew back he gave up the idea of force and grinned helplessly. The car came up, and Selma, with one more sternly admonishing look, picked up her skirts and got aboard. Buck made an impulsive movement to follow, but at the uncompromising aspect of her back he stopped, and the car started. Yet, even as the young man stood gazing blankly and muttering beneath his breath, the girl, who was on the rear platform, suddenly turned and, smiling at him, waved her hand.

"Say! wouldn't dat jar youse?" said Buck in tones of profoundest stupefaction.

Selma had rather more than a vague expectation that Murphy would be awaiting her outside the store next evening, in which case, she made up her mind, the reception she would give him would discourage any further proceedings of that nature. But there was no sign of him, she was glad—very glad—to observe. Then she sighed a little, for it had been a hard day at the counter. At the cross-line junction she sighed again. "I needn't have turned him down so hard, maybe," she said to herself. Ten minutes later, as she got off the car, a brightly-attired young man, with remarkably broad shoulders, and a curly-brimmed hat set rather to one side of his head, emerged from a drug store and hastened toward her, smiling expansively. Selma felt a momentary fluttering of her pulses as she recognized the irrepressible Buck.

"I t'ought I'd take dis end of de route," explained the young man cheerfully. "How's Little Bright-Eyes dis evenin'?"

"I'm all right," answered Selma primly. "What you doing here?"

"Takin' exercise. Dis is me fav'rite walk. You're apt to see me here any evenin', fillin' me lungs wit' ozone. Dat's a swell waist you're sportin'. Maybe it ain't the waist as much as it is de girl. I guess dat ain't no lie."

"Which way are you going?" asked Selma, biting her lip.

"Same way you're goin'," replied Buck promptly.

When He Swung Partners He Swung Them

"See here!" said Selma decidedly, "I don't want for you to be waiting around for me, and I don't want you should walk with me neither."

"Dat's aplenty," said Buck, his face hardening. "All you've got to do is to t'row it on me; you don't need to rub it in. So-long." He turned on his heel, lifting his hat with a little jerk.

"Mr. Murphy!" cried Selma.

Buck turned.

"I don't want you to be mad with me, but——"

"Say," said Buck, "somebody's been agivin' me de double cross to you, an' I know it. I want you to tell me what it is you've got agin me. If I find out de dub who's been knockin' me I'll push his face clear t'rough de back of his head," he went on savagely, his eyes beginning to sparkle.

"Hush now!" commanded Selma. "You're knocking yourself, talking like that. Walk with me a ways if you like; I don't want to be astanding around on the street chewing the rag; that ain't ladylike, and no gentleman makes cracks about doing up people where there is a lady around, neither. That's the trouble with you, if you want to know. You ain't happy 'less'n you're starting rough-house. If a gentleman wants to be a friend of mine he's got to act like a gentleman and cut that out."

Buck made no reply, but stole a whimsical sidelong glance at her as with pink cheeks and tilted chin she hurried along. After a few moments' silence she continued:

"Look at you night afore last; breaking into the dance the way you did, and then scaring all the girls to death——"

"I didn't scare you," interpolated Buck.

"And in the car yesterday. That man had a right to his seat if he wanted to keep it."

"Dere ain't nobody got a right to nothin' if you want it and I'm around to get it for you," said Buck emphatically. "But dat's all right; I'm Johnny Knuckle-Under from dis out. It's me to de city dump fer a breakfast every mornin'. I'm agoin' to have a sign printed: 'Please 'scuse me fer livin', an' if any guy wants to kick me I'm a safe proposition.' Tough? Me? Not on your life! I'm a bread-poultice. I ain't foolin'; dat's on de dead."

"I hear you say so," said Selma incredulously, but with relenting in her smile.

"Honest," protested Buck earnestly. "Say, dat's right about me. I'm wise to dat, but I'm t'rough wit' it now. Say, you let me take you to de show to-night."

But Selma shook her fluffy pompadour. "I'll let you walk to the next corner with me, though—if you want to," she said. And with that Mr. Murphy had to be satisfied.

He was waiting outside the store for her the next evening, but she manifested her disapproval so plainly that it was not a pleasant ride for the young man, and at the cross-line she definitely and positively dismissed him. He went away raging and determined to make no further attempt to see her.

"Dere are oders," he said to himself in the modern phraseology of the hoary-aged consolation of scorned lovers. And to prove to himself that there were others, he dropped in to the Friday night saltatory festival of the Amethyst Social Pleasure Club over Untermeyer's saloon on Jefferson Street—buying tickets for himself and three of his following, contrary to all clan traditions. But he "ducked out" after a bare hour of the revelry, and, filled with an inexpressible disgust of life, sought his room in the Halloran cottage.

Here, after smoking for some time in gloomy reflection, he got up and opened his trunk. From an inner tray he took a cigar-box, and from the box a card of hooks and eyes, a pyramid of pins, a spool of tape and a darning-egg.

The need of exercise and ozone came to Buck strongly about store-closing time the following day, but he took it with some trepidation. He was relieved when Selma greeted him with a smile, and his confidence returned, but he still found her inflexible on the subject of an evening's entertainment.

"Ain't I never goin' to get a chance to see you?" he asked dolefully.

"It's too bad about you," returned Selma. "I met you Tuesday night and you ain't only seen me Wen'sday, Thursday, Friday and—to-day's Saturday."

"We've got nearly de hull afternoon," suggested Buck.

"It's a good thing I have or I'd never get my sewing done," rejoined Selma heartlessly. "Have you seen that girl in the red dress lately?" she added.

"What goil's dat?" asked Buck.

"The one you was dancing with Tuesday night."

"Say, I'd forgotten all about her."

"She was pretty."

"Pretty as a picture."

"I bet she'd go to the show with you if you asked her."

"I bet she would."

"Then why don't you ask her?"

Buck stopped short. "Aw, you make me weary!" he said. "I ain't no doll-chaser; don't you never think it. Not now. When I see de real t'ing I ain't passin' it up for no ten-cent, cheap-John imitations—not on your life!"

"Let's walk a little faster," suggested Selma.

"Aw! what's de rush? Ain't I never going to see you more'n to walk a block from de car?"

"I've told you before that I don't want you to walk with me from the car."

"Den what?"

"If you—if you want to go to the park with me to-morrow afternoon—and you think you can behave yourself—you can," said Selma, blushing a little.

Buck took a deep breath and expelled it in a sort of ecstasy, and his strong, white teeth flashed out in an irresistible smile. Selma laughed at him, and his mellow barytone chimed in with her gurgling contralto.

"Where do I meet you?" he asked.

"You don't meet me," answered Selma. "You call at my house like a gentleman."

"Holy Smoke!" ejaculated the young man. "Dat means I go agin your mudder."

"Perhaps it would be better for you to make a date with somebody ——"

"Easy dere!" said Buck. "I ain't afraid I won't like your mudder, but she may not be struck on me. Say, you put me wise. Dis is de house now, ain't it?"

"Yes," she answered laughing. "Good-by."

For a Moment it Seemed as if Murphy Would Strike Her

She ran up the steps. Buck made his flickering removal of his hat and walked back to the car-line, treading on air, his red head in the clouds.

The interview with Mrs. Pederson was not so embarrassing as Buck had expected. She was a rather worn-looking woman in the black of her widowhood, less substantially built even than her daughter, and with a trusting look in her eyes that Selma's had not, so Buck thought. There was one thing she said, however, that might have embarrassed a youth less ready than Buck:

"I understand you are a machinist, Mr. Murphy."

"Yes, marm," answered the captain of his precinct humorously. "I sure am. I don't know what de machine would do wit'out me—slip some cogs, I guess."

At which Mrs. Pederson smiled sweetly but uncomprehendingly, and soon Selma came in all the glory of the party Swiss and pink ribbons, with a hat that was a miracle of floral diversity, and they presently set forth.

It was an afternoon to be remembered. Buck was in high spirits and bent upon active pleasuring. He would fain have treated Selma to swings, pony-carriages, rides in the boats that, laden with exuberant holiday makers, swept through the panoramic banks of the "old mill stream," all regardless of expense, but beyond watching the crowds Selma would have none of these, showing a preference for zoölogical research, accompanied with peanuts, among the animals. It was a disappointment to Buck, but he bore it nobly, and never so much as whimpered when Selma insisted on making a tour of the greenhouses. He brightened perceptibly, though, when the red roof of the refectory rose above the trees and the girl accepted his suggestion of ice cream. Still she could not be persuaded to eat more than one dish, so Buck had to console himself by working his way to the counter and returning laden with fruit in paper-bags and white glazed boxes of candy.

Then the two wandered off along a shade-flecked gravel path to the lake-front, where they sat on a slope of green turf, whole yards between them and any other living thing. Selma took off her hat and let the breeze blow her hair about her face, and Buck leaned back on his elbow and watched her as she watched the streams of vehicles passing along the driveway below. He had suddenly become silent, but Selma chattered away gayly, telling him of her life in the store, the perfect loveliness of Miss Bernstein, the smartness of Mr. Tabin, the floor-walker, and the too-mean-for-anythingness of some customers.

It would have been well if Buck Murphy had been content to sit and listen, taking note meanwhile of the light and sparkle of the blue eyes that looked at him in so friendly a fashion, the curves of the full, blooming cheek and

(Continued on Page 28)

THE FOLLOWERS

A Matter-of-Fact Romance

By E. NESBIT

THEY were both very young, and both their hearts were broken.

He found himself at Chateauneuf from habit. Ever since he had lived in Paris each mid-May had found him in this little village at the edge of the forest. This year was different from other years. It was this year that his heart had been broken. This, however you take it, marks an epoch.

She went to Chateauneuf because she had grown suddenly weary of the clamor and stress of Paris, the chatter of the studios, the mean meals at the little restaurants where the other students gathered and chattered—because, in fine, the other man had gone away, and he had gone away without a word. Of course, he had said good-by, very much and very kindly: but that was not what she wanted.

"I'll tidy up," she had said, "and I'll go to Chateauneuf to-morrow. I'm sure it will be loathsome, but any way I shall be alone with my sorrow."

She threw a glance of contempt at every acquaintance she had, and began to tidy up. The method was summary, the result a room swept and garnished, into which entered promptly seven devils of desolation. Everything was packed. There was nothing to do. She spent the evening writing a melancholy little poem about how one hides one's anguish from the world, as if one were a Spartan boy with a fox—the fox was quite unmanageable as a rhyme—and how in the silence of the woods and fields one can take it out and hold it to one's heart. But even the gloom in which she staggered could not blind her to the inconvenience of holding a fox to one's heart. She burnt the fox and started again. This time it seemed more dignified, more reticent, to steer clear of foxes, and speak vaguely of the sorrow of a life. This at least could be held to the heart without—well, it could have teeth and claws without being a fox. She added the teeth and claws, finished the poem and went to bed. The poem under her pillow seemed to radiate a lovely, tender pathos that tempered even her dreams. In the morning she tore it up, and laughed.

And Looked Down at the Stars in the Water

"If you must wear willows, my good girl," she said, "at least don't wear artificial ones. I dare say there are plenty of real willows at Chateauneuf."

There were. She did not go in the morning, after all, but in the evening. And she reached Chateauneuf when the level last beams of the sun were overlaying with fine gold the well-tilled patches that lie between the station and the village.

At the first touch of her foot on the sanded flags of the little hotel dining-room she had a sudden sense of home-coming. Not that her home—that far-away Kentish house—had sand on its floors, but—well, Paris with its restless, unsatisfied millions, its dust and noise, was far away. This was the threshold of a real life. She loved everything at Chateauneuf from the first—and not least the calm old hostess who bade her welcome with quiet wrinkled smiles and kind old eyes, and showed her to the square bare bedroom looking out on the garden.

The garden sloped steeply down; there were trees and trees and trees—not self-conscious trees like the ones in the Luxembourg gardens, trees beautifully dressed for a visit, and prim with the company manners that one wears in the town, but trees at home, happy and unafraid, leaning close to each other and telling each other how long the winter had been, and how dear spring was.

"The winter *was* long," said Eva, "and yet I saw him every day."

The garden, bright with purple flags and budding peonies, slopes down to a grove of trees more intimately close than those above; and through them—yes—no—yes!—it was the gleam of running water. A river! What could one ask more?

"This," said a weeping willow at the water's edge.

All the English ladies in the hotel had gone to Paris for the day, Madame told her. Would she dine on the terrace? The *salle à manger* was perhaps large for one little lady?

"The English ladies, were they young?" she asked.

"But no, mademoiselle—they are of the age when one no longer has any age. They write letters and occupy themselves without end at the knitting."

"So I can tell my aunt I've heaps of chaperoning, if she makes a fuss about my being here," she told herself.

She dined alone, on a shabby stone terrace with a broken balustrade. To the light of her lamp came night-flies and moths. A bat fluttered by in stealthy, circling flight. At the other side of the garden another lamp gleamed, and some one was whistling very clearly and sweetly. The words of the song sang themselves in Eva's heart:

> This is the last, last time we meet,
> For I must leave thee, O my sweet!
>
> The fault was mine, be mine the pain
> To never see thy face again.

"I wonder if *he* felt that," said Eva. "Was there some secret reason—oh, it's no use thinking! I'll go to bed."

She went. But not to sleep. The very quiet irked her, accentuated as it was by the far, low note of a nightingale, the voices of country folk in the street, the chattering arrival of the tabbies, the distant rattle of dishes in the kitchen. She missed perhaps the loud lullaby of the tram-bells, the hurrying feet, the beat of the throbbing heart of the city she had so hated.

The night grew stiller and stiller. The country people had gone home to bed. The plates were all washed up. The whistling from the garden had ceased long ago. Only the nightingale and she were awake.

"But it's a nightingale's business," said Eva, "to keep awake at night; and it's not mine."

She turned her hot pillow.

The nightingale was silent now. . . .

"It's no use," said Eva, and threw back the covers.

When she leaned out of the window, she wondered how she could have wished to sleep. The spacious night seemed to reproach her:

"*Come out, come out, come out!*"

"I will," said Eva. "Oh, I will!" And she almost said "Wait for me!" to the nightingale.

She dressed quickly. As she crept along the corridor, she noted the three pairs of ladylike boots at various doors, a pair of manly shoes at the door of number 13—the shoes of the garden-whistler, she supposed. So *he* was safe out of the way, as well as every one else.

"I expect I am the only person awake in all Chateauneuf," she said as she crept down the wide, bare stairs.

Then she stood alone in the dark village street. In all the silent length of it no least sound stirred. No single window showed a crack of light.

"Which way?" she asked herself.

And herself answered joyously: "What does it matter which way? Aren't all the ways dark and lovely and mysterious? Let's try to find the river."

She found the river—the way was easy. And she leaned her elbows on the old, rough stone parapet of the bridge and looked down at the stars in the water.

The bridge invited her to cross it. On the other side tall trees met over the road. She crossed the bridge and walked on into the shadow. It was somewhere away here to the right that the nightingale was singing.

The darkness was full of sounds now—the rustling of pines, the crack of a twig broken under the light, quick tread of little live woodland things, bullfrogs in resonant chorus from hidden ponds or marshes—and always the nightingale.

"I seem to be going through a forest," said Eva, "like the youngest Prince who sets out to seek his fortune. He always comes to a forest."

Greeny glowworms gleamed in the deeps of roadside shadow.

"I have never felt like this before," she said. "It is the best thing I have ever, ever had. Yes," she insisted, as memory brought back all the hours spent with him who had broken her heart, "the very best, because that was only to end in misery, and this *can't*."

Eva has never been able to remember exactly when she began to be afraid. She thinks it began at that part of the wood where there was a thatched hut with no door to it. A doorway but no door. No door to keep anything that might be inside from creeping out and coming after her.

And the green glowworms began to make her think of wolves' eyes. In stories wolves' eyes always gleamed green in forest coverts. This was certainly a forest. Were there wolves in France? She could not remember.

That doorway. Nothing could have come out through it. She stood still and looked back. Nothing.

If anything had come out she would hear its footsteps following her.

She stood still and listened. Nothing.

But there might have been something. She would go back. She turned, made three steps and stopped.

If there *were* anything—there wasn't, of course; but if there were—then, if she went back along that road——

"I will go on," said Eva; "there is sure to be some way of getting back without turning round."

The forest was still as death now. She had passed the last frog-pond half a mile back, and the nightingale had stopped singing.

And then she heard—hardly a sound—just the dim ghost of a sound, and it was like the sound of footsteps that followed her through the dark.

"You Meant to Stay a Week. I Meant to Stay Three Days. And Here We Are!"

"Don't be a fool," she told herself sharply. "You can frighten yourself into fancying anything."

"I'm not. I didn't. I heard it," herself answered.

But she tried not to hear the answer.

And now she trod softly upon the soft sand and the pine-needles, and listened, listened, listened.

And far behind her she heard, beyond mistake now, the sound of footsteps that followed, followed, followed.

Eva was not a coward. But her broken heart had played tricks with her nerves. If it had not been for that dark doorway——

"No, you mustn't run," she said; "it's all up if you do. . . . Come, pull yourself together. And it's no use letting it catch you up. It may be only a drunken man—oh, I hope it is! But if it's something else—I must hide, and let it go past. Any way I shall know then whether it's human or——"

She ground her teeth together, stepped aside from the faint gray ribbon of the road into the black of the forest, reached out with both hands, found a tree-trunk and set her back against it.

"Now," she said, and waited.

And the footsteps—unmistakably drew nearer, nearer.

"It's *not* a drunken man; it's not a man at all," she said. "It's something with soft feet that go *pad-pad* in the dust. Perhaps the hotel dog has followed me."

The hotel dog had shared her dinner. She knew its name, and she thought she would call it. But she found she could not.

The soft *pad-pad* of the footsteps came on and on. Then quite suddenly they stopped.

And Eva was aware that she was not alone. Something was near her in the darkness—quite near—two or three yards away—just round the turn of the road.

"It knows I am here," she told herself. "It is waiting to see what I will do."

What she did was not at all what she intended to do. She cowered against the tree, and covered her face with her hands so that she might at least not *see*.

She forgot that she was in a foreign land—for she was in the land where fear lives, and no other memory lives there—and she cried through her hands:

"What is it? Oh, what is it?"

And answering the mad anguish of terror in her tone came a quiet voice. The soft *pad-pad* came quickly round the turn of the road, and a voice answered here.

"What's the matter?" it said. "Can I be of any assistance?"

For a long time Eva hated to remember that the next thing she remembers is standing in the middle of the forest road clinging with both hands to the tweed-clad arm of a perfect stranger. Eva is afraid she cried a little when she found there was something human in the forest to cry to.

The stranger was perfectly polite, but he was not at all sympathetic.

"I almost wonder at your coming out at night if you are subject to these nervous attacks," he said. "If you will allow me, I will see you home, lest you should be frightened again."

Trembling with terror, Eva drew strength enough from the tonic contempt in his voice to murmur something conventional about taking him out of his way.

"Your way happens to be mine; we are both at the Lion D'Or. In fact, when I heard you go out, I took the liberty of following you. I know young ladies are apt to be nervous in the dark."

"Then you did it on purpose!" cried Eva. "You've been following me all the way! It was a hateful, interfering, cowardly thing to do! What business was it of yours?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"And I shouldn't have been frightened a *bit* if it hadn't been for you," she went on. "It was hearing you, *pad-padding* behind me, that drove me nearly mad!"

"I'm very sorry," he said coolly. "I had no idea you would hear me. I have tennis shoes on. In fact, if you'll forgive me for saying so, I think you must have fancied that you heard footsteps."

"I've ears as sharp as a dog's. I can hear a bat squeak."

"Indeed?" he answered politely. "Shall we make a move now? We have some distance to go, and it is rather late."

She fell into step beside him.

"It's entirely your fault," she said angrily.

"I am sorry you think that," he answered coldly.

When you have foregone your sleep to watch over a silly tourist-girl just because she happens to be English, it is rather hard to be told that her idiotic terrors are your fault.

Neither spoke. He had nothing to say. As for her, the rage that had killed her terror found her plenty of words, but none that she could be certain would wound. It is difficult to wound a person who despises you.

But, as they walked, the silence and calm of the night that had awakened the terror stilled the rage. After all, it *was* rather decent of him to have troubled to come out.

When they had unlatched the inn door and entered, she made him a grudging little bow and said:

"Good-night. Thank you very much for taking so much trouble."

"Don't mention it," he replied with a frigid inclination of the head. "Good-night."

This was the first meeting of the two broken-hearted ones.

"Not bad-looking," said the man as her skirt vanished round the stair-corner, "but dowdy and a fool, and, oh my aunt, what a temper!"

Eva, leaning out of her bedroom window to feel the cool kiss of the night on her hot cheeks, said:

"He has rather nice eyes—but he's a conceited brute, and I hate him!"

II

THREE months can repaint the world. At those months' end her thought was: "He is nicer than any one I ever knew except *him*." His thought had long ceased to be a thought; it had clothed its dry bones with the flesh and blood of emotion, it had borrowed the rainbow raiment of dreams, had taken into its hand the wand of enchantment to transfigure all his days.

The broken-hearted ones had spent those three months together. With every possible regard to the proprieties—with adequate accompaniment of casual efficient chaperonage from the knitting tabbies—but yet together. And she had never known such companionship. But she refused to let her thought change—she was not going to have any miracles. Her thought should be her thought, clear, self-conscious, unemotional. "He is very nice; he is nicer than any one I ever knew except *him*."

There are things to do at Chateauneuf. One can wander in the forest, one can sketch, one can read—aloud even. One can spend lazy mornings in a punt moored in a green-gleaming, leaf-screened backwater. One can sing, more or less, to the accompaniment of the jangling asthmatic little old piano in the hotel *salle à manger*. Incidentally, one can be nice to the tabbies, make tea for them, fetch their parcels from the station, and help them with their knitting when they have been dozing, dropping stitches.

He and she were in the boat, under the willow.

"Has it ever struck you," he said suddenly, "what good friends we are?"

"Yes—quite often, curiously enough."

"Better friends, I mean, than either of us has ever been with everybody else."

"Yes," she said, "though *that* never struck me before. I expect," she added hastily, "it's because I've never had so much time to be friends with any one before. I've been here nearly four months."

"And you meant to stay a week. I meant to stay three days. And here we are!"

"Yes," she said, and sighed, "here we are."

"Here we are," he sighed too, a sigh of contentment. "E. V., I want to ask you something."

Well placed between the formal stiffness of Mr. and Miss and the familiarity of Christian names, initials had supplied a felt want. Besides, he told himself, E. V. did not sound so very unlike Eva.

"Ask," she said, and reached for more narrow leaves.

"You remember that evening on the bridge—you told me his name."

"Yes, and you told me ——"

"I know. What I wanted to ask you is can't we help each other to forget them?"

The question was not happily phrased. She heard in it the confession that he had not forgotten.

"My dear E. C., I don't know that I want to forget," she said slowly.

"Very well," he said. "I only thought I'd ask you. It's not of the slightest consequence."

"So I perceive," she could not help saying. The little flush of annoyance doubled her prettiness, he thought. Oh, she was pretty, and dainty, and sweet, and dear! It did not occur to him to tell her so.

"I mean," he said instead, "we needn't leave off being friends just because I've said the wrong thing."

"Of course not," she said with hollow-heartedness. "Not even your saying the absolutely wrong thing in the absolutely wrong way will alter my opinion of you."

He laughed. She liked his eyes. When he laughed they seemed to grow bluer.

"You mean it's only what you expect of me! Well, that's all right. I've got The Shropshire Lad in my pocket. Shall I read?"

"By all means."

He might at least have pursued the subject—have elaborated his theme a little.

"By all means," she said again. He read.

It was that night that the event happened.

"Figure to yourself, Mademoiselle," said old Madame Leroux, pausing a moment in her hospitable flutterings, "a gentleman and his lady—oh, but *comme il faut* to the last point! They are newly-marrieds, and they arrive at the hotel demanding the best rooms and a dinner of six courses. Money, the pockets full. It is a fine day for the Lion D'Or. I have not the time to chat me, but their names are English or else of Norway and Mademoiselle who is so well instructed can read them in the Annals of Voyagers.

Eva, from pure politeness, strolled into the billiard-room and read the ink yet fresh and the sand still stuck on it: his name—below it his name again with Marian before it.

At dinner she was white and hollow-eyed. The tabbies remarked it.

"I have a dreadful headache," she said. When her four months' friend came in a little late, he also looked tired and pale.

"Don't make me talk," she said softly. "You know what we talked of that day on the bridge. Well, he's here—and he's married. This is their honeymoon. They're at the table on the terrace!"

"I know," he said, passing the salt. "And the woman he has married is *her*. It's a rum world—and a very small one. Don't let the tabbies see you care. Make yourself talk."

She did—but she got away to her own rooms as soon as she could.

It was too much. It hurt horribly. She wanted to be alone, to look at her wounds. But when she was alone she was surprised and annoyed that the worst wound came from the memory of the angry eyes in the white face of the man who had wanted to help her to forget *him*. How frightfully he cared, still!

The night was dull and misty—there were no nightingales in the garden now. But, as on that night when there had been nightingales, Eva was wakeful.

She spent the evening in her room. And just before the hour at which the hotel lights were out she went down to

"You're a Heroine, and I Adore You from the Top of Your Darling Head to the Soles of Your Darling Feet"

the kitchen. Perhaps a few words of Madame Leroux's cheery gossip would turn the current of her thoughts, and make sleep possible.

She found the maids already gone and Madame alone.

"Ah, Mademoiselle," she said, rising weightily from her low chair by the charcoal stove, "it is the hour of the repose, but I have the heart heavy. This good M. Clifford, he disquiets me much. Divine what Marie and I have discovered! This lady who comes to-day, this newly-married—it is her portrait that Monsieur Clifford had in a frame of silver very ornamented and big like a dish. He had it brought on his first arrival at the hotel to place flowers before this portrait as it sat after Marie brings the face of the portrait perfectly, though he does it at present no more—but flowers are scarce now, and without doubt in the spring it will recommence anew. If he is still among the living when comes the spring," she added darkly.

"What do you mean?" Eva asked quickly.

"Gaston, he remarked in serving the dinner that Monsieur Clifford was of a paleness extraordinary. He regarded this lady from time to time with eyes—oh—but with eyes! You would have said a tiger. He has gone out at once after the dinner. He has not returned. Without doubt we shall have in the hotel a *crime passionnel*. Or ——"

"Or ——?"

"Monsieur will make to jump his own brains. He has a revolver in a case of shining wood. Marie dusts it each day."

"Is it in his room now?" asked Eva.

"Yes, Mademoiselle. But by and by he will return to take it."

"Can't you hide it?"

"Hold! It is an idea." Madame shuffled along the passage, but before she reached the foot of the stairs Clifford came in, passed her with a good-night, brief but kindly, and went up, and Eva in the kitchen heard his door bang.

"To-morrow," said Madame, "I tell the police. For to-night, Mademoiselle will do well to lock her door with double turn. It may be that he seek to kill us all in his rage of wild beast. I have warned the other ladies."

Eva did not lock her door. On the contrary, she kept it open a careful inch. And she did not go to bed. She sat fully dressed on a chair by the door, and waited and watched and listened.

How well she had understood what he had said in the boat—and what he had not said. Old Madame Leroux was a wise woman. And Eva knew that people did do dreadful things when they were in love—desperately in love. He would never kill anybody else, like French people did when they got angry, but—she thought of the river.

Suppose he should go out—now—in his despair. Oh, why hadn't she said "Yes" when he asked if she wouldn't help him to forget the other! She would have done so perhaps—if he'd asked it a little differently.

"You know you would," she told herself. "It was your idiotic pride. And if you'd said 'Yes'—well, it might have made a little difference if he'd known ——"

A click in the night-silence. The cocking of a pistol—no, the withdrawal of a latch. Through the crack of her door she saw a light, saw it go down the corridor carried in Clifford's hand. It went down the staircase. The front-door bolts were being withdrawn.

She stood up, struck a match and lit her candle.

"Yes, I will—I'll follow him! He followed me once, when he didn't even know who I was, to help me. I'll follow him now—to save him. Oh, where are my shoes? Oh, why did I let him think I cared about that other; why did I make myself think I cared?"

She knew, as she stole down the wide, bare stairs, who it was she cared for—and she followed his footsteps along the street, down the little road to the bridge.

On the bridge he stopped. She stopped, too.

He leaned his elbows on the parapet, and his face was turned to the hotel.

"I expect it's all nonsense, really," she told herself, shivering in the black shadow of the broken arch that is all that remains of the old gate-house.

Suddenly he moved, leaped to the parapet, and stood there. He was going to drown himself! If she called out, he might not know her voice—it might startle him into doing that very thing, that horrible thing that she had come out to prevent.

There was no time to think. She put her hands on the parapet, leaped up—"Esmond!" she screamed, and fell, straight as a lance, into the river, ten feet below.

The splash of her falling was but an instant in advance of the splash of his dive. There was no moon, but the night was gray with the diffused, silvery light of stars. Her white dress guided him—in a dozen strong strokes he was beside her.

"Keep still," he said, breathless but stern. "How could you be such a little idiot!"

She did keep still—wonderfully still for a would-be suicide. He put one hand under her head and swam slowly to shore. They waded out through the shallows and landed under the willow among the boats that groaned and rattled as they were pushed aside.

They stood together on the landing-stage, and the water from their clothes dripped through the chinks of it into the river. He caught her wet hands.

"How could you?" he said. "How could you?"

"The water was very cold," was all she said.

"I should think so," he said indignantly. "Go in and go to bed at once!"

"No," she said, and her teeth were chattering, "not till you promise me that you—oh, how could you be so wicked! But I did save you, didn't I?"

There was a dripping silence.

"I know," she said—"I know how awful you feel about her being here married to the other man, but—one does

(Concluded on Page 26)

MEN & WOMEN

The Tulip for Kubelik

WHEN Kubelik, the boy violinist, was last in this country the methods of the facile and obliging press-representatives were amusingly illustrated.

Kubelik had some difficulty with the English for some months after his American tour began, and one or other of his press-agents and managerial assistants was obliged to speak for him. On one occasion he was being interviewed at the Manhattan Hotel by some one from one of the New York dailies, and, the story of his early struggles and determination having been gone over, the talk turned upon his tastes and dislikes and peculiarities. At length, coming to the trivialities which give color to the average interview, the visitor said:

"I must ask for your favorite flower, Mr. Kubelik. People always wish to know one's favorite flower."

Mr. Kubelik did not understand, and looked appealingly at his supporter, a member of the managerial suite.

"Violets," answered this man instantly. Then he hesitated a moment, lost in thought. "No," he said reflectively. "Wait a minute. Violets were Paderewski's favorite flower. You had better say tulips!"

Mrs. Mackay's Color

NEARLY all society women have a fad for some special color, and indulge their tastes variously in introducing the favorite shade in their belongings. One of the most unique of these niceties has been hit upon by Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay, whose liking is for lavender. Her stationery, made in Paris, is of a pale shade of lavender, with her monogram in a deeper shade of heliotrope on the paper, and a single violet embossed upon the flap of the envelope. But the finishing touch is attained by Mrs. Mackay's habit of invariably using three-cent postage stamps, these being the only United States stamps which harmonize with the color-scheme of the missive. The three-cent stamps, it will be remembered, are a very pretty heliotrope.

In her home at Harbor Hill, Roslyn, Long Island, Mrs. Mackay has carried out her taste for lavender in many ways. For example, the elevator in the great house is paneled and upholstered in lavender brocade, and the walls of the antechamber, sitting-room and bedroom of Mrs. Mackay's suite are of lavender silk. The carpets are of lavender velvet in all three rooms, and there are usually vases standing about filled with heliotrope orchids. Over the fireplace in the salon is the portrait of Mrs. Mackay done by Chartran, and in this she wears a white gown with a mass of heliotrope orchids in her lap. And a year or two ago when her publishers brought out her well-wrought little book, The Stone of Destiny, they gave it a binding of pale lavender.

The personal libraries of most society women are either casual collections of the popular novels that happen to come their way, or else of correct "complete editions" of the classics, calculated to make an imposing display behind beveled plate-glass doors, rather than to be read by their owners. But Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay, although too rich and handsome to need to rely upon intellectuality for distinction, has an array of well-worn volumes in her own little red and gold den at Harbor Hill that would do credit to a philosopher.

Here you find Plato's Republic, Karl Marx's Capital, Henry George's Progress and Poverty, Locke's Essay Concerning Human Understanding, Descartes' Meditationes de Prima Philosophia, Robert Hunter's Poverty, the psychological studies of Professor James, the complete works of John Stuart Mill, Spencer, Darwin, Comte, Kant, Hegel—in fact, of almost every original thinker who ever advanced one theory or upset another.

These books do not stand on Mrs. Mackay's shelves to be looked at or to impress the visitor. They are there to be studied and marked, to be read and re-read, and to be compared with other philosophical and economic works. Almost every page shows the trail of Mrs. Mackay's pencil, and many bear elaborate marginal notes. These are unmistakably the books of the student who has made them her most intimate friends.

In them Mrs. Mackay has found complete expression for her individuality. Even their bindings are wholly an outpouring of her own taste. She has never followed the American habit of accepting unquestioningly whatever bindings the publishers happen to think will strike the public fancy, but has, indeed, introduced into her library the European practice of special binding. As she cannot buy her books unbound as the book-lovers of Europe are in the habit of doing, she buys them with all their commercial sins upon them, and sends them to her own binder to be divested of their "popular" covers and done up in full morocco of her own design, stamped with her initials and embellished with her book-plate.

It is not every book that comes to her attention, however, that achieves the distinction of a special binding and a place on her shelves. Her library is, primarily, the result of a discriminating selection. All the books that come into her house she reads carefully. If she decides that they will be of permanent value to her collection she marks them for reference and sends them to her binder. If they fail to come up to her requirements they find their way into the homes of her friends or her numerous beneficiaries, or into the wards of various asylums and hospitals—for Mrs. Mackay, rich as she is, has a deep-rooted aversion to waste, and passes on to others everything she cannot use herself.

The books on probation are kept on one special shelf, and here alone are found all the heterogeneous bindings of the current publications. Of these almost none are fiction. Mrs. Mackay has very little time left from her serious reading for novels, and what she has is given to the works of established merit rather than to new productions.

Each of the probationary volumes receives a consideration exactly commensurate with its merits, but hardly one out of ten receives the indorsement of a special binding and is graduated to the upper shelves. Mrs. Mackay demands of every one that it shall be a real contribution to human thought before it is admitted to the holy of holies, but, once there, it is there to stay and to become a constant working companion of its mistress.

Where Christy and Gibson Work

IT IS interesting for those who follow the careers of Charles Dana Gibson and Howard Chandler Christy to compare the very different conditions under which they work. Mr. Christy's favorite workshop is his domestic drawing-room. In the last few years, visitors to his apartment in the Warwick Arms, on the upper West Side in New York, have been wont to find him at work before an easel in the cozy little living-room, with the doors open into the other rooms so that he could talk when he liked with whoever was there. And, moreover, the apartment looks out upon Columbus Avenue and is about on a level with the elevated track, whose trains rush back and forth all day before the windows. Mr. Christy, however, is so much of a cosmopolitan as to be supremely independent of the tumult, and it has been to him no distraction. His friends believe that he could work anywhere in the world with equal facility.

Mr. Gibson, on the other hand, will be best remembered by visitors in his stately studio in the Life Building. It is a large, lofty room, with an atmosphere of quiet and rest. Only his easel, a great table and a few chairs make up the room's furniture. Most noticeable of all is the fact that not a single picture or sketch is visible. Upon the walls is simply one fine piece of tapestry.

One Spaniard Who Knew Us

ONE of the most remarkable men who ever came to this country in a diplomatic capacity was Don Emiliode Muruaga, the Spanish envoy at Washington in 1893-95. His name rarely appeared in the society reports, and then only as a guest at the house of some one who liked newspaper notoriety and dearly loved a diplomat. All the same, he entertained a good deal and with perfect taste. He knew the United States very well indeed, for he had been at our Capital forty years before as a junior Secretary of Legation when a mere youngster—barely twenty years of age. The story of his love-affair with the beautiful daughter of W. W. Corcoran, the famous millionaire philanthropist, is still retold in the quiet drawing-rooms of the "cave-dwellers," though, of course, the new people who shed such binding radiance on the latter-day procession never heard of it.

But Muruaga knew his Washington and, for that matter, the American people also—knew them so well, indeed, that when the insurrection broke out in Cuba, ten years

[redacted] some fifteen or twenty men in Spain who have even a faint conception of the power and resources of the United States. What can I do for my country here? If I tell them the truth, those people at Madrid—they will not believe me. If I advise them well, my counsel will rebound upon my head in the form of an accusation."

So he went, and in his place came Dupuy de Lome, who had heard that our army was only 25,000 strong, and thought it would be quite easy for Spain to dispose of such a force. Everybody knows what happened afterward.

Shortly before his departure from Washington, Muruaga gave a dinner which caused a vast deal of gossip. There were thirteen men present and only one woman—the Countess Divonne, the lovely daughter of the late General Audenried, of Pennsylvania. It was an affair as brilliant and successful as it was unique. The Countess, then in her early twenties, was radiant.

Muruaga is now living quietly in Europe, half the time in Madrid and the other half with his daughter, who married a Mexican millionaire and resides in Paris.

Too Much Snow for Bailey

SENATOR BAILEY always thinks he can enter more safely upon earnest argument if his long, delicate fingers tapering from his small hands are kept out of mischief by being given bits of paper to play with. First, he folds the slips in innumerable ways, and, if the conversation becomes intense or lasts long enough, slip after slip is reduced to infinitesimal bits covering the floor about his chair like a fresh snowstorm.

Preparing himself for an address before the Senate that was to be the keynote of arguments to follow, the Senator devoted the entire night to volumes of statistics and came to his desk in the Chamber with the result beautifully condensed in delicate and careful notes upon his favorite slips. He laid them on his desk. Senator Spooner slipped across the aisle to argue out a point between them. Senator Bailey wisely turned his slips upside down. Conversation waxed eager, as is often the case when Spooner and Bailey get at it, and the fingers went to work on the first blank paper in sight and little by little the drifts gathered. When the skies cleared and Senator Bailey was ready to take the floor, he found his entire collection of notes in atoms under his chair.

Edison's "Fake" Cigars

A FRIEND of the inventor says that Thomas A. Edison is very fond of smoking, but that sometimes he becomes so absorbed in work that he even forgets that he has a cigar in his mouth.

Mr. Edison once complained to a man in the tobacco business that he, the inventor, could not account for the rapidity with which the cigars disappeared from a box that he always kept in his office. The "Wizard" was not inclined to think that he smoked them all himself. Finally, he asked the tobacco man what might be done to remedy the situation.

The latter suggested that he make up some cigars—"fake" them, in other words—with a well-known label on the outside.

"I'll fill 'em with horsehair and hard rubber," said he. "Then you'll find that there will not be so many missing."

"All right," said Mr. Edison, and he forgot all about the matter.

Several weeks later, when the tobacco man was again calling on the inventor, the latter suddenly said:

"Look here! I thought you were going to fix me up some fake cigars!"

"Why, I did!" exclaimed the other, in hurt surprise.

"When?"

"Don't you remember the flat box with a green label—cigars in bundle form, tied with yellow ribbon?"

Edison smiled reflectively. "Do you know," he finally said, in abashed tones, "I smoked every one of those cigars myself!"

LADY BALTIMORE

By OWEN WISTER

Author of The Virginian

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Up the Silent Walks to the Silent Verandas

V—THE BOY OF THE CAKE

ONE is unthankful, I suppose, to call a day dreary when one has lunched under the circumstances that I have attempted to indicate; the bright spot ought to shine over the whole. But you haven't an idea what a nightmare in the daytime Cowpens was beginning to be.

I had thumbed and scanned hundreds of ancient pages, some of them manuscript; I had sat by ancient shelves upon hard chairs, I had sneezed with the ancient dust, and I had not put my finger upon a trace of the right Fanning. I should have given it up, left unexplored the territory that remained staring at me through the backs of unread volumes, had it not been for my Aunt Carola. To her I owed constancy and diligence, and so I kept at it; and the hermit hours I spent at Court and Chancel Streets grew worse as I knew better what rarely good company was ready to receive me. This Kings Port, this little city of oblivion, held, shut in with its lavender and pressed-rose memories, a handful of people who were like that great society of the world, the high society of distinguished men and women who exist no more, but who touched history with a light hand, and left their mark upon it in a host of memoirs and letters that we read to-day with a starved and homesick longing in the midst of our sullen welter of democracy. With its silent houses and gardens, its silent streets, its silent vistas of the blue water in the sunshine, this beautiful, sad place was winning my heart and making it ache. Nowhere else in America such charm, such characters, such true elegance as here—and nowhere else such an overwhelming sense of finality!—the doom of a civilization founded upon a crime. And yet, how much has freedom done for that race? And apart from theory, how much better off than the slave was, are the poor of New York? I could have shaped (we all could, you know) a better scheme for the universe, a plan where we should not flourish at each other's expense, where good and evil should not be husband and wife, indissolubly married by a law of creation

With such highly novel thoughts as these I descended the steps from my researches at the corner of Court and Chancel Streets an hour earlier than my custom, because—well, I couldn't, that day, stand Cowpens for another minute. Up at the corner of Court and Worship the people were going decently into church; it was a sweet, gentle late Friday in Lent. I had intended keeping out-of-doors, to smell the roses in the gardens, to bask in the soft remnant of sunshine, to loiter and peep in through the Kings Port garden gates, up the silent walks to the silent verandas. But the slow stream of people took me, instead, into church with the deeply-veiled ladies of Kings Port, hushed in their perpetual mourning for not only, I think, those husbands and brothers and sons whom the war had turned to dust forty years ago, but also for the Cause, the lost Cause, that died with them. I sat there among these Christians suckled in a creed outworn, envying them their well-regulated faith: it, too, was part of the town's repose and sweetness, together with the old-fashioned roses and the old-fashioned ladies. Men, also, were in the congregation—not many, to be sure, but all unanimously wearing that expression of remarkable virtue which seems always to visit, when he goes to church, the average good fellow who is no better than he should be. I became, myself, filled with this same decorous inconsistency, and was singing the hymn, when I caught sight of John Mayrant. What lady was he with? It was just this that I most annoyingly couldn't make out, because the unlucky disposition of things had it. I caught myself craning my neck and singing the hymn simultaneously and with no difficulty, because all my childhood was in that hymn; I couldn't tell when I hadn't known words and music by heart. Who was she? I tried for a clear view when we sat down, and also, let me confess, when we knelt down; I saw even less of her so; and my hope at the end of the service was dashed by her slow but entire disappearance amid the engulfing exits of the other ladies. I followed where I imagined she had gone, out by a side door, into the beautiful graveyard; but among the flowers and monuments she was not, nor was he; and next I saw, through the iron gate, John Mayrant in the street, walking with his intimate aunt and her more severe sister, and Miss La Heu. I somewhat superfluously hastened to the gate and greeted them, to which they responded with polite, masterly discouragement. He, however, after taking off his hat to them, turned back, and I watched them pursuing their leisurely, reticent course toward the South Place. Why should the old ladies strike me as looking like a tremendously proper pair of conspirators? I was wondering this as I turned back among the tombs, when I perceived John Mayrant coming along one of the churchyard paths. His approach was made at right angles with that of another personage, the respectful negro custodian of the place. This dignitary was evidently hoping to lead me among the monuments, recite to me their old histories, and benefit by my consequent gratitude; he had even got so far as smiling and removing his hat when John Mayrant stopped him. The young man hailed the negro by his first name with that particular and affectionate superiority which few Northerners can understand and none can acquire, and which resembles nothing so much as the way in which you speak to your old dog who has loved you and followed you, because you have cared for him.

"Not this time," John Mayrant said. "I wish to show our relics to this gentleman myself—if he will permit me?" This last was a question put to me with a courteous formality, a formality which a few minutes more were to see smashed to smithereens

I told him that I should consider myself undeservedly privileged.

'Some of these people are my people," he said, beginning to move.

The old custodian stood smiling, familiar, respectful, disappointed. "Some of 'em *my* people, too, Mas' John," he cannily observed

I put a little silver in his hand. "Didn't I see a box somewhere," I said, "with something on it about the restoration of the church?"

"Something on it, but nothing in it!" exclaimed Mayrant; at which moderate pleasantry the custodian broke into extreme African merriment and ambled away. "You needn't have done it," protested the Southerner, and I naturally claimed my stranger's right to pay my respects in this manner. Such was our introduction, agreeable and unusual.

A silence then unexpectedly ensued and the formality fell colder than ever upon us. The custodian's departure had left us alone, looking at each other across all the unexpressed knowledge that each knew the other had. Mayrant had come impulsively back to me from his aunts, without stopping to think that we had never yet exchanged a word; both of us were now brought up short, and it was the cake that was speaking volubly in our self-conscious dumbness It was only after this brief, deep gap of things unsaid that John Mayrant came to the surface again, and began a conversation of which, on both our parts, the first few steps were taken on the tiptoes of an archaic politeness; we trod convention like a polished French floor; you might have expected us, after such deliberate and graceful preliminaries, to dance a verbal minuet. We, however, danced something quite different, and that conversation lasted during many days, and led us, like a road, up hill and down dale to a perfect acquaintance. No, not perfect, but delightful; to the end he never spoke to me of the matter most near him, and I but honor him the more for his reticence

Of course, his first remark had to be about Kings Port and me; had he understood rightly that this was my first visit?

My answer was equally traditional.

It was, next, correct that he should allude to the weather; and his reference was one of the two or three that it seems a stranger's destiny always to hear in a place new to him: he apologized for the weather—so cold a season had not, in his memory, been experienced in Kings Port; it was to the highest point exceptional

I exclaimed that it had been, to my Northern notions, delightfully mild for March. "Indeed," I continued, "I have always said that if March could be cut out of our Northern climate, as the core is cut out of an apple, I should be quite satisfied with eleven months, instead of twelve I think it might prolong one's youth."

The fire of that season lighted in his eyes, but he still stepped upon polished convention. He assured me that the Southern September hurricane was more deplorable than any Northern March could be. "Our zone should be called the *Intemperate* zone," said he.

"But never in Kings Port," I protested; "with your roses out-of-doors—and your ladies indoors!"

He bowed. "You pay us a high compliment."

I smiled urbanely. "If the truth is a compliment!"

There was a Total Absence of Obscure Grocers Reposing Under Gigantic Obelisks

"Our young ladies *are* roses," he now, with a touch of pride, admitted.

"Don't forget your old ones! I never shall."

There was pleasure in his face at this tribute, which, he could see, came from the heart. But, thus pictured to him, the old ladies brought a further idea quite plainly into his expression; and he announced it. "Some of them are not without thorns."

"What would you give," I quickly replied, "for anybody—man or woman—who could not, on an occasion, make themselves sharply felt?"

To this he returned a full but somewhat absent-minded assent. He seemed to be reflecting that he himself didn't care to be the "occasion" upon which an old lady rose should try her thorns; and I was inclined to suspect that his intimate aunt had been giving him a wigging

Anyhow, I stood ready to keep it up, this interchange of lofty civilities. I, too, could wear the courtly red-heels of eighteenth-century procedure, and for just as long as his Southern upbringing inclined him to wear them; I hadn't known Aunt Carola for nothing! But we, as I have said, were not destined to dance any minuet.

We had been moving, very gradually, and without any attention to our surroundings, to and fro in the beautiful sweet churchyard. Flowers were everywhere, growing, budding, blooming; color and perfume were parts of the very air, and beneath these pretty and ancient tombs, graven with old dates and honorable names, slept the men and women who had given Kings Port her high place in our history. I have never, in this country, seen any churchyard comparable to this one; happy, serene dead, to sleep amid such blossoms and consecration! Good taste prevailed here; distinguished men lay beneath memorial stones that came no higher than your waist or shoulder; there was a total absence of obscure grocers reposing under gigantic obelisks; to earn a monument here you must win a battle, or do, at any rate, something more than adulterate sugar and oil. The particular monument by which young John Mayrant and I found ourselves standing, when we reached the point about the ladies and the thorns, had a look of importance and it caught his eye, bringing him back to where we were. Upon his pointing to it, and before we had spoken or I had seen the name, I inquired eagerly: "Not the lieutenant of the Bon Homme Richard?" and then saw that Mayrant was not the name upon it

My knowledge of his gallant sea-fighting namesake visibly gratified him. "I wish it were," he said; "but I am descended from this man, too. He was a statesman, and some of his brilliant powers were inherited by his children—but they have not come so far down as me. In 1840, his daughter, Miss Beaufain——"

I laid my hand right on his shoulder. "Don't you do it, John Mayrant!" I cried. "Don't you tell me that. Last night I caught myself saying that, instead of my prayers."

Well, it killed the minuet dead; he sat flat down on the low stone coping that bordered the path to which we had wandered back—and I sat flat down opposite him. The venerable custodian, passing along a neighboring path, turned his head and stared at our noise.

"Lawd, see those chillun goin' on!" he muttered. "Mas' John, don't you get too scandalous, tellin' strangers 'bout the old families."

Mayrant pointed to me. "He's responsible, Daddy Ben. I'm being just as good as gold. Honest injun!"

The custodian marched slowly on his way, shaking his head. "Mas' John he do go on," he repeated. His office was not alone the care and the showing off of the graveyard, but another duty, too, as native and peculiar to the soil as the very cotton and the rice: this loyal servitor cherished the honor of the "old families," and chid their young descendants whenever he considered that they needed it.

Mayrant now sat revived after his collapse of mirth, and he addressed me from his gravestone. "Yes, I ought to have foreseen it."

"Foreseen——?" I didn't at once catch the inference.

"All my aunts and cousins have been talking to you."

"Oh, Miss Beaufain and the Earl of Mainridge! Well, but it's quite worth——"

"Knowing by heart!" he broke in with new merriment.

I kept on. "Why not? They tell those things everywhere—where they're so lucky as to possess them! It's a flawless specimen."

"Of 1840 repartee?" He spoke with increasing pauses. "Yes. We do at least possess that. And some wine of about the same date."

"All the better for age," I exclaimed.

But the blue eyes of Mayrant were far away and full of shadow. "Poor Kings Port," he said, very slowly and quietly. Then he looked at me with the steady look and the smile that one sometimes has when giving voice to a sorrowful conviction against which one has tried to struggle. "Poor Kings Port," he affectionately repeated. His hand tapped lightly two or three times upon the gravestone upon which he was seated. "Be honest and say that you think so, too," he demanded, always with his smile.

But how was I to agree aloud with what his silent hand had expressed? Those inaudible taps on the stone spoke clearly enough; they said: "Here lies Kings Port, here

"Be Honest and Say that You Think So, Too," He Demanded

lives Kings Port. Outside of this is our true death, on the vacant wharfs, in the empty streets. All that we have left is the immortality which these historic names have won." How could I tell him that I thought so, too? Nor was I as sure of it then as he was. And besides, this was a young man whose spirit was, almost surely, in suffering; ill fortune, both material and of the heart, I seemed to suspect, had made him wounded and bitter in these immediate days; and the very suppression he was exercising hurt him the more deeply. So I replied, honestly, as he had asked: "I hope you are mistaken."

"That's because you haven't been here long enough," he declared.

Over us, gently, from somewhere across the gardens and the walls, came a noiseless water breeze, to which the roses moved and nodded among the tombs. They gave him a fanciful thought. "Look at them! They belong to us, and they know it. They're saying, 'Yes; yes; yes,' all day long. I don't know why on earth I'm talking in this way to you!" he broke off with vivacity. "But you made me laugh so."

VI—IN THE CHURCHYARD

"THEN it was a good laugh, indeed!" I cried heartily.

"Oh, don't let's go back to our fine manners!" he comically begged. "We've satisfied each other that we have them! I feel so lonely; and my aunt just now—well, never mind about that. But you really must excuse us about Miss Beaufain, and all that sort of thing. I see it, because I'm of the new generation, since the war, and—well, I've been to other places, too. But Aunt Eliza, and all of them, you know, can't see it. And I wouldn't have them, either! So I don't ever attempt to explain to them that the world has to go on. They'd say, 'We don't see the necessity!' When slavery stopped, they stopped, you see, just like a clock. Their hand points to 1865—it has never moved a minute since. And some day"—his voice grew suddenly tender—"they'll go, one by one, to join the still older ones. And I shall miss them very much."

For a moment I did not speak, but watched the roses nodding and moving. Then I said: "May I say that I shall miss them, too?"

He looked at me. "Miss our old Kings Port people?" He didn't invite outsiders to do that!

"Don't you see how it is?" I murmured. "It was the same thing once with us."

"The same thing—in the North?" His tone still held me off

"The same sort of dear old people—I mean, charming, peppery, refined, courageous people; in Salem, in Boston, in New York, in every place that has been colonial, and has taken a hand in the game."

"But politics?" the young Southerner slowly suggested.

"Oh, hang slavery! Hang the war!" I exclaimed. "Of course, we had a family quarrel. But we *were* a family once, and a fine one, too! We knew each other, we visited each other, we wrote letters, sent presents, kept up relations; we, in short, coherently joined hands from one generation to another; the fibres of the sons tingled with the current from their fathers, back and back to the old beginnings, to Plymouth and Roanoke and Rip Van Winkle! It's all gone, all done, all over. You have to be a small, well-knit country for that sort of exquisite personal unitedness. There's nothing united about these States any more, except Standard Oil and discontent. We're no longer a small people living and dying for a great idea, we're a big people living and dying for money. And these ladies of yours—well, they have made me homesick for a national and a social past which I never saw, but which my old people knew. They're like legends, still living, still warm and with us. In their quiet, clean-cut faces I seem to see a reflection of the old serene candlelight we all once talked and danced in—sconces, tall mirrors, candles burning inside glass globes to keep them from the moths and the draft that, of a warm evening, blew in through handsome mahogany doors; the good bright silver; the portraits by Copley and Gilbert Stuart; a young girl at a square piano, singing Moore's melodies—and Mr. Pinckney or Commodore Perry, perhaps, dropping in for a hot supper!"

John Mayrant was smiling and looking at the graves. "Yes, that's it; that's all it," he mused. "You do understand."

But I had to finish my flight. "Such quiet faces are gone now in the breathless, competing North; ground into oblivion between the clashing trades of the competing men and the clashing jewels and chandeliers of their competing wives—while yours have lingered on, spared by your very adversity. And that's why I shall miss your old people when they follow mine—because they're the last of their kind, the end of the chain, the bold original stock, the great race that made our glory grow and saw that it did grow through thick and thin: the good old native blood of independence."

I spoke as a man can always speak when he means it; and my listener's face showed that my words had gone where meant words always go—home to the heart. But he merely nodded at me. His nod, however, telling as it did of a quickly established accord between us, caused me to bring out to this new acquaintance still more of those thoughts which I condescend to expose to very few old ones.

(Continued on Page 51)

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ We never know how good a thing is until we see the imitation.

¶ The Jap does not fear the open door in the East so long as he is the doorkeeper.

¶ Mr. Rockefeller in his new wig welcomed the American humorists: a wig-wag occasion, as it were.

¶ Genius is the capacity for taking infinite pains, and vanity is the patent medicine that kills the pains.

¶ Possibly the wonderful Mr. Burbank, of California, might cross the graft evil and make it produce honest fruit.

The Business Situation

EARLY autumn saw an unusual condition. The volume of business in August was the largest ever recorded in that month. Few years have shown so high a condition for all the chief agricultural crops. Orders on the books of the big iron and steel concerns made the largest aggregate known, and the output of pig-iron continued at a rate that promised a new high-water mark for the year. Money was abundant and credit easy. Bank clearings over the country reflected good and increasing trade. In short, everywhere appeared the signs of an extraordinary pitch of material prosperity; and a fair-weather sailor could scarcely have asked for a clearer sky.

Yet someway nobody seemed particularly enthusiastic about it. A person accustomed to following such matters was struck by the extreme sobriety with which the organs of business expression accepted this halcyon state. Years ago a prevision of this condition would have been as startling as a glimpse of Paradise. Now one is tempted to say that people are bored by it; that the national spirit turns away from it, seeking some experience that is not to be found in the hackneyed increase of wealth.

The more the matter is studied the clearer it becomes that all the tangible signs—the so-called barometers and wide-gauges of trade—tell very little of what is in the making. They give the record of yesterday, but only a feeble clew to to-morrow. The real business situation is a state of mind.

How to Get Yourself Noticed

RECENTLY, in the Middle West, there was a large gathering of clergy and laymen for the purpose of considering a subject which seemed to them of the highest spiritual and temporal moment. Naturally, reporters were invited to attend, in order that the light generated by the discussion might spread afar.

Now it happened—very unfortunately for the convention and very fortunately for the reporters—that two distinguished delegates quite lost their tempers and spent some minutes in making heated remarks to each other, with appropriate gestures, until cooler heads succeeded in separating them.

Thus, in the next morning's prints, the meeting got the column and a half on the front page which all members who had the good of the cause at heart had desired; but the articles were taken up with lively and light-minded descriptions of the fierce altercation between the two delegates, with a little paragraph at the end saying what the convention was about. There was a picture of Delegate A, but it had no reference to his thoughtful speech on the weighty subject in hand. On the contrary, it was labeled, in fat, black type: "The man who called —— a liar."

Truly "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and nobody knows it better than the city editor. It is uncertain whether the public is really interested so much in the disfranchisement of Maryland negroes, or autonomy for the Filipinos, or the incorporation of moral training in the public-school system. But that its discursive attention will be instantly caught and riveted by the spectacle of one elderly gentleman pulling another's silvery whiskers is perfectly certain. Your novel and practicable plan for settling the railway-rate question may be ignored. A fatuous world may shut its eyes to the obvious advantages of your scheme for reforming the police. But if you think the public has no interest in you, just start a divorce suit.

Modern Cannibals

M. BRUNETIERE, who was a great man until he discovered it himself, has come out flatly for war as not only necessary but noble. He will hear applause from America. Once there was a cannibal tribe which, under the influence of teachings from what a great many members of the tribe regarded as a more civilized source, began to abandon the ancient and honorable habit of eating human flesh. Up rose a stout defender of tradition, a most excellent, cultured cannibal, and cried out: "We have always eaten human flesh, and we always shall! Further, see how much stronger and more virtuous we are in every way than our non-cannibal neighbors. It is because we live off the mighty man's meat of human flesh that we excel in valor and in virtue. If we left off we should become snivelers and weaklings!"

It being impossible to dispute this wisdom, the tribe fell upon the advocates of snivel and weakness, and killed and ate them.

Under Suspicion

THE public pillories now form a long, long row, and each pillory is occupied by an eminently respectable citizen. And each citizen has his eyes cast meekly or indignantly heavenward as he protests that he is the victim of popular misunderstanding, ferociously unjust. The opinion of a man upon his own conduct is entitled to a hearing. But it is not conclusive. It may be that some of the "kings" and "barons" and "Napoleons" are unjustly accused. It is unfortunate that they have kept such bad company, that they are in possession of so much property of which they seem unable to give a coherent account.

Alas, the situation recalls the epigram of the late M. Goblet. "How is it?" said he. "Some men are always under suspicion; others are never under suspicion." Public sentiment may go astray; but it, too, is entitled to justice when it persistently agitates about certain men. As a rule, clean men are never under suspicion; when a man is habitually under suspicion it is because he has fallen into the bad habit of being "there or thereabouts."

The Trouble with the Cooks

THE Russians and the Japanese who attended Mr. Roosevelt's brilliantly successful peace party are still wailing about the food they ate at it—about the "infamous American cooking," as one of the Russians phrases it. Any one who has ever been in New England instantly knows what the trouble is.

Nowhere else on earth do they get together such fascinating, deadly, delicious pies, cakes and varieties of hot bread as in New England. And they look so digestible! One feels that at last he has found the dreamed-of combination of that which delights the sense of taste with that which benefits the health. The unwary Russians and Japanese fell before these insidious allurements. They are victims not of bad but of good, altogether too good, American cooking.

It is not the rocks in the soil of his farm, but the rocks into which New England pie or hot bread transform themselves once they have traitorously gained admission to the body—that discourages the New England farmer into flying westward. And he takes his enemy with him.

Take a Walk

IT IS important that those of us who lead sedentary lives should take exercise; but it is no less important that those of us who live chiefly by manual labor should do likewise.

The man who uses one set, or one group of sets, of muscles all day long will inevitably become deformed, unless he corrects the tendency. If he is to retain or to achieve symmetry he must take just as much exercise as the man who does not use his muscles at all; but, of course, it must be of a different kind.

There is the value of the open-air and other gymnasiums. And there is the value of the walk—for, in walking, as in no other form of exercise, except perhaps swimming, is the whole body properly exercised.

Give Us Sleep

THAT sleep is one of the prime factors in long life, in resistance to old age, in health, in cheerfulness, has always been recognized by everybody. Yet is there another fundamental right that is so persistently, so carelessly, and with such impunity violated as the right to undisturbed sleep? Among the rich, among the poor, in city, in country, wherever so many as two representatives of the human race are found, undisturbed sleep is all but unknown. Bells, dogs, roosters, hammers, whistles, carpet-flails, to note a few of the worst offenders, all make their sleep-murdering noises at untimely hours.

A few people know the cause of their habitual "below par" condition; the great mass, used from childhood to disturbed or curtailed sleep, does not know it. But all suffer.

We know a great deal about acoustics; many are the machines to enable the ears to hear better. But why don't our scientists, with the assistance of our clever inventors, devise machines that will suspend the faculty of hearing when such suspension is desired? Surely such machines are possible, when dead silence can be artificially produced in a laboratory by a system of interferences with sound waves.

Give us sleep, men of science!

The Yellow Benefit

THE Chinese imperial edict revolutionizing the civil service examinations from the famous foolishness of the alleged wisdom of their ancients to the useful and true—and, therefore, splendid—sciences of modern times is an indication that China is not merely awake, but is sitting up and taking notice.

China is on the eve of a transformation to which her long history offers no parallel since the Manchus conquered her and imposed upon her people pigtails and perpetual slumber.

As all who have studied the Chinese fairly say that they are a fine people in respect both of mind and of character, the life of the human race will be vastly enriched. Chinese industry and ingenuity, Chinese honesty and perseverance, cannot but have far-reaching consequences—and for good only. There is a theory to the contrary; but that theory rests upon the barbarous and ignorant notion that man lives by preying upon man, not by helping and being helped by his fellow-men.

Saving the Clerk

AN EXTENSIVE industrial concern has scored heavily on Chicago by alleging, as a reason for moving its general office thither from New York, that the many young men in its employ would thereby be rescued from a corrupting atmosphere of speculation. This tends to create an impression that the air of La Salle Street bears naught save the sweet scent of new-mown hay and the grateful odors of the dairy—a suggestion which does scant credit to numberless gentlemen who have certainly not spared exertion to keep an interest in the ticker alive in the financial centre of the Western metropolis. As a matter of fact, to do it justice, the most inveterate habitués of the stock-exchange draw breath there without the slightest fear of contracting hay-fever.

The incident is interesting, however, as an illustration, among many, of the employers' natural solicitude to preserve the conscience of his clerk in all its purity. There are various devices; but the one that has probably given the best results, taking it by and large, is an example of purity in the employer himself.

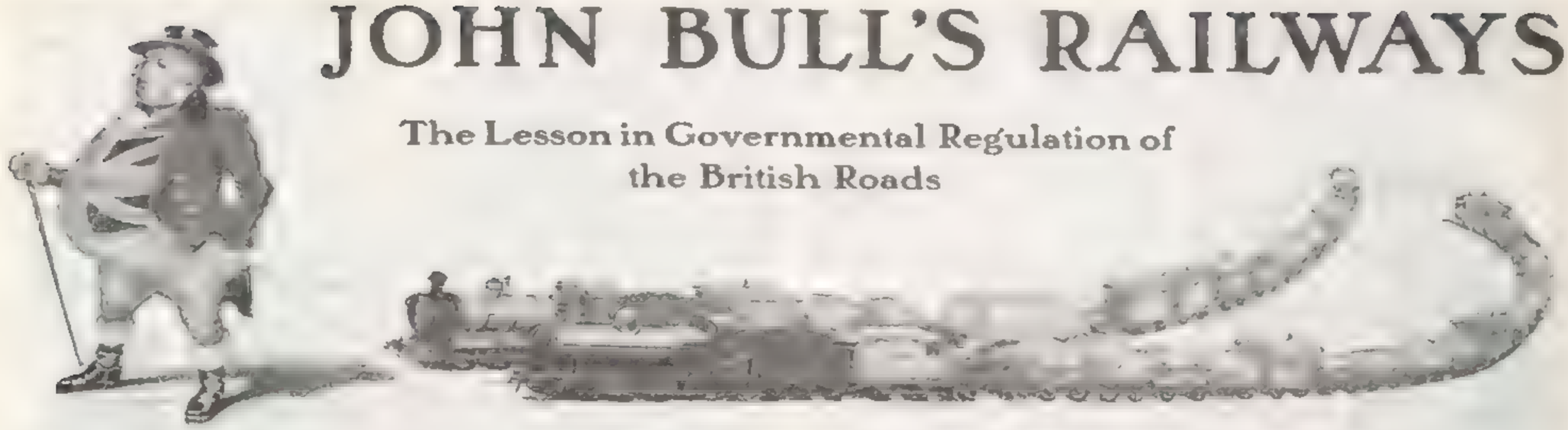
In the city whither the industrial concern goes, an employer—the head of a large corporation—once discharged, with grief and wrath, an unfaithful stenographer who had taken advantage of facts learned in his official capacity to make a deal in the company's stocks. The employee learned these facts by transcribing orders which showed that the president was taking advantage of his inside knowledge of the company's affairs to make a deal in its stock.

Two clerks in one bank were discovered in embezzling. The higher officers of the bank were distressed. They had set up an elaborate system for safeguarding their clerks—forbidding them to enter a saloon, to go to a horse-race, to play cards for money, and so on. Three months later the bank failed. Then it was discovered that the higher officers had been systematically looting it for three years, and requiring various clerks to make false entries in the books.

The air that the clerk breathes inside the office is quite as important as that outside.

JOHN BULL'S RAILWAYS

The Lesson in Governmental Regulation of the British Roads



By ALBERT HALSTEAD

THE British railways have always been subject to government regulation. It was the logical result of the requirement of parliamentary charters. No written constitution and no State lines interfere with Parliament, whose acts are the supreme law of the United Kingdom. National conservatism, respect for vested interests, the doctrine of an adequate return on capital, and the inevitable struggle between the shipper and the carrier have affected this development. There is an increasing tendency in Great Britain toward a modified State socialism. Municipalities and other local authorities engage in all kinds of business that are left to private enterprise in the United States. They own and run street-car lines, for one thing. A natural sequence would be government ownership of the railways, but that is not seriously suggested. That possibility was, however, contemplated more than fifty years ago when Parliament authorized their acquisition by the Government upon the payment of ten per cent. interest on their cost. This authority, never exercised, will probably remain always inoperative for reasons of expediency, and because of the undue expense The total capital actually invested in railways is about $6,450,000,000, which at ten per cent. would be an annual charge on the Government of $645,000,000.

Governmental action never wholly satisfies, a difficulty necessarily greater in so delicate a commercial mechanism as transportation. After making due allowance for the British extreme attitude of criticism toward all public affairs, and an investigation of existing conditions, it appears that British railway regulation has not been an unqualified success; but it teaches valuable lessons to the United States that should aid in solving our railroad problems. It has, perhaps, increased the hostile attitude of shipper and carrier each toward the other. Both complain of traffic conditions. The companies would rejoice if government regulation were abolished. They say it interferes with their business, without benefit to the shippers, and really to their injury, as it prevents freight-rate reductions through the ordinary laws of trade. The shippers insist that more practical legislation, less red tape, and more common-sense and efficiency in administration are needed.

Hard Lines for the Farmer

A STATEMENT of existing British conditions is necessary because of their marked differences from our own. Forty million people occupy a very small area. Ownership of land by the ordinary farmer or agricultural laborer is impossible. Land is too valuable for country seats and shooting preserves for the rich. Even with all that is available for agriculture under cultivation, more than half the nation's food supplies would still have to be imported. A population of which at least seventy per cent. is urban must depend on an outside food supply. Foreign food products are obtainable at prices that leave the smallest margin of profit to the British farmer, even under most favorable conditions. He is necessarily sacrificed to the requirement of cheap food; but all foreign products are admitted without restriction. Cheap supplies of all kinds is the prevailing doctrine, though vigorously attacked by the protectionists, who would have Great Britain adopt the practice of all other industrial nations. Therefore, not even the railways can be permitted, even if so disposed, to grant preferential rates to all English products; but they would not be so disposed, because their returns from the transportation of foreign imports are too profitable.

European railroads, most of which are government-owned, grant more favorable rates to exports than to imports. Europe has also splendid natural and artificial waterways. Her farmers coöperate to export their products and facilitate the shipment of all classes of foreign goods to the United Kingdom. This condition handicaps the British manufacturer equally with the British farmer. Many of the great cities, notably London, Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow, are accessible by water. Saving of time, therefore, especially with perishable goods, becomes the chief incentive to the use of the railways for foreign imports and keeps down the freight rates upon them. Most of the great manufacturing centres, on the contrary, are inland and without water connection—a serious disadvantage

The construction of British railways costs enormously. It averaged $202,267 per mile, against $117,193 for Europe, $61,241 for the United States and $58,210 for other parts of the world. British construction seems extravagant, but there are no single tracks; roadbeds are built to last forever, and rails are heavier than usual elsewhere, as well as more securely tied to the roadbeds. There are no grade crossings. To the cost of avoiding such crossings neither the Government nor the local authorities contributed. The British Board of Trade supervised every mile, enforcing stringent and often excessive requirements.

Passing the Hat to the Roads

BRITISH railways have always been commercial enterprises. There were no grants of land, no issuances of bonds by local authorities, no government assistance and no remission of taxes to aid them. Government and local authorities have obstructed rather than helped them They shirk no taxes, but pay their full share, perhaps more. Local taxes cost them $22,000,000 a year. This item of expense increases $1,200,000 a year. They have no voice in local expenditures, even when for the construction of competing street-car lines. They have no adequate means of protesting against local assessments. They pay the national income tax, carry soldiers at greatly reduced rates, and the mails on terms fixed by the Government, as well as the parcel post.

Transportation is one of short hauls and small consignments. The average haul is about twenty-five miles; the average consignment weighs under one hundred pounds. Perhaps seventy-five per cent. of freight comes in small consignments. British shopkeepers do not buy by wholesale. Their capital is on their books, not on their shelves, for they give long credit. This is costly for them and increases railway trouble and expense. Services unknown in the United States are performed and charged for by the railways. They collect and deliver all freight except the most bulky and heavy. Charges for covering and uncovering are included in their rates, and make those for short hauls very high. Strange items these! Many British cars have no roofs and resemble our old wooden coal cars, though much smaller. Freight too bulky for box cars—which are always small, with low roofs and narrow doors—is loaded on open trucks. It has to be covered. Small parcels are dispatched by passenger trains. This corresponds to our express business. Eight cents will carry a two-pound parcel two hundred miles, compared to twenty-five cents in the United States. At two hundred miles and twenty-five pounds, the average American and British parcel rates are the same, fifty cents; but thereafter for heavier packages and greater distances the British rate is much higher.

One British company runs a slaughter-house, and others potato and fruit markets to encourage home agriculture Every railway has its immense warehouses at important centres for the storage of freight. Storage and handling are free for short periods and afterward a very moderate charge is made. Millions are invested in these warehouses and pay a very small return. They are of benefit because they bring traffic. There are special fish and poultry trains for British producers and special meat trains for the importers. Many steamships running to the Continent are owned and operated by the railways. Two are in partnership in this marine business with French roads, and others have working agreements with the European government roads.

For every new mile of road, and for all additional authority connected with their business, the companies must go to Parliament. This involves heavy expense for promoting the legislation; not for bribes, for there is no bribery, but to employ parliamentary agents as required by parliamentary tradition. It cost one road $5000 a mile, it is said, to get its needed legislation, and not one cent was spent improperly. Improvements are paid for by the issuance of new stock, and not out of the receipts.

Railway development in the fifties led to company consolidations. The public took fright. Parliament investigated and passed the act of 1854, really the first practical railway regulation, though the Gladstone cheap train act of 1842 had initiated third-class passenger service at two cents a mile. There had, also, been the act authorizing the Government to take over the railways on certain conditions. The law of 1854 required every company to provide all reasonable facilities for traffic. It prohibited undue or unreasonable preference for or against any person, or company, or kind of traffic. There the British Government foresaw the danger of preferential treatment and prevented the upbuilding of the strong against the weak. The result of our neglect to appreciate this danger needs no comment

An act eight years before required every railway to charge the same for freight carried the same distance under the same conditions; but no two kinds of traffic were under like conditions, or for like distances, so the act was practically ineffective. Even the undue preference act of 1854 was not as useful as intended, because enforceable by ordinary law courts which objected to deciding questions not strictly legal and discouraged complaints. This unsatisfactory condition continued, and the railway and canal commission was created in 1873. It was composed of two laymen and one lawyer. To it were assigned the enforcement of the undue preference act and the interpretation of other railway laws. It failed to meet expectations, because the companies, objecting to having cases brought before what was in effect a lower court, appealed to the ordinary law courts, and generally won. The act of 1873 also required the publication of every rate. Rate-books had to be kept at every station. If they did not contain a certain rate in force, it was assumed as proof of unfair action

A Puzzle and a Parliament

THE struggle between the railways and the shippers continued, especially over charges for terminal services—loading, covering, invoicing and the like—which often brought the freight rates, particularly for short hauls, above the maxima authorized by Parliament in the chartering acts. These acts were so numerous, and their classifications and the rates chargeable so lacked uniformity that shippers had the greatest difficulty in understanding them and ascertaining the legal limits of charges. Parliament again took up the question and passed the act of 1888. It reorganized the railway and canal commission, which consists of two members, one of whom is a railway expert, appointed on recommendation of the Board of Trade for the whole kingdom, and three ex-officio judicial members, one for England and Wales, one for Scotland and one for Ireland. The commission may sit anywhere in the kingdom. No member may own railway shares. Three must always sit in a case. Provision is made to fill temporary vacancies. Each commissioner gets $15,000 salary. A majority decides, but the jurist determines all legal points. It may pass upon the legality of any rate, order reasonable facilities for traffic, order through rates on application of any railway or shipper, determine undue or unreasonable preference and the unreasonableness of group rates—which are rates applicable to localities within reasonable distance of each other

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Included in its powers are the enforcement of the rates it decides reasonable and its orders as to traffic facilities. It may award damages to a shipper if the claim is filed within a year from the discovery of the unfair treatment, but not in cases of rates published in rate-books, except from the time when complained of in writing to the company if the latter failed to comply in reasonable manner. Its decisions may be appealed to the High Court of Appeals and thence to the House of Lords, but not on questions of fact or of the standing of the complainant. Very few appeals are made because of the great cost. Not one has been taken to the House of Lords

Before a suit is brought before the railway commission complaint must first be made to the Board of Trade. The idea is to provide for conciliation, if possible. An assistant secretary in charge of the railway department, Colonel Sir Herbert Jekyll, on complaint from a shipper brings him and a railway representative together. The difficulty is discussed and the assistant secretary renders a decision. He cannot enforce it, but seeks to bring about an amicable arrangement. In minor cases he generally succeeds. Where an important question is involved, that may affect rates generally, the railway makes little defense before the Board of Trade, fearing to disclose its case that may later come before the railway commission Reports of all conciliation cases are made regularly to Parliament

More Restraint and Less Rein

Under the act of 1888 provision was made that the railways should revise their freight classifications and maximum rates and submit them to the Board of Trade. That department held long hearings and revised the companies' work. Bills based on this revision were then introduced in Parliament A committee heard both the railways and shippers, and drafted new bills. Nine laws dealing with the nine leading railways and their subsidiary lines, and twenty-six others covering the minor railways, were then enacted This legislation was to simplify classifications and make rates uniform by repealing those authorized in the acts chartering the companies. These new freight rates became operative with the new year 1893. Endless labor was involved in making new rate-books, for which task the companies had an average of less than six months. Claiming that they were unable to complete the rate-books on time, they raised all rates to the new parliamentary maxima with the new year. This caused a decided advance in freight charges and incensed the shippers. Parliament then, in 1894, passed an act providing that, despite authority previously granted to charge within certain maxima on the several classes of freight, the companies must prove before the commission that any increase of rate is reasonable. This improved the situation considerably.

Notwithstanding Parliament's efforts at simplification, railway rates are still complex and contain many anomalies. Classifications, under the eight classes to which all freight is assigned by Parliament, are often astonishing. Several thousand articles are classified. For these there are from twenty to forty million rates—how many, no one knows. The maximum rates are in force, generally, only for local traffic and where there is no competition. Other rates are much lower, because of competition and the belief that traffic will usually not bear the maxima. Decided reductions are made on goods carried at owner's risk, in distinction to that for which the companies are legally liable. Every railway must make a rate on every classified article from every station to every other station on its line, and to stations on its connecting lines Parliament also authorizes, in specified cases, charges for greater mileage than actually exists for costly tunnels, viaducts, grades and the like. Rates are based on mileage traffic.

The charge is made both by manufacturers and agriculturists that the railways show grave and decided favors to foreign imports to the great injury of British producers. This favoritism is manifested, it is argued, not only in the lower rates but in the better facilities afforded. Docks and steamship lines and more rapid service for foreign imports are quoted as indications of preference for the foreigner against the British subject.

The owner's risk rate is a peculiar institution. Under it shippers can bill their goods at much lower rates than when the company assumes the risk. Despite this difference, railways were accustomed to pay reasonable damage claims on freight shipped at owner's risk. Each claim was taken up and decided on its merits. Three years ago they concluded this was too expensive and that "owner's risk" should thereafter mean what it said. Payment would be made for damages only where willful neglect by railway employees was shown. Of course, that is well-nigh impossible of proof. Railways admit liability for pilfered freight if inspected on delivery, but try to prevent inspection before the receipt is signed—even where goods are damaged by wet, manifestly through employees' neglect. Railways claim, under owner's risk on freight sent by passenger train, shippers save thirty-nine per cent., and on that by freight train twenty-five—an average of thirty-two per cent.; that, therefore, though owner's risk had come to mean company's risk, there is no justification for damage claims. The shippers are collecting proof that goods sent at owner's risk, which rates keenness of competition forces them to use, are more carelessly handled than before the companies' change of policy. Legally the railway position may be unassailable, but this new policy has changed the whole shipping business, so the shippers say.

At the same time, railways are enlarging the classes of goods that they will take only at owner's risk. Shippers are embarrassing the railways in every way, to retaliation, by delaying payments up to the point of risking suits, seeking to test penalties and thus increasing railway expenses in the hope of wearing them out. Chambers of commerce are taking up the question. To further harass the companies it is contemplated that shippers shall bring all their claims into court in separate suits, a most costly proceeding for the railways, and thus teach the power of shippers' coöperation. The question will ultimately come before Parliament and may result in remedial legislation. But relief from Parliament must always be difficult because of the number of railway stockholders and directors in that body. Certainly there the railways have adequate representation. In the House of Commons it is said from two to three hundred of the 670 members are railway shareholders, and in the House of Lords at least fifty per cent. represent railway shares and other vested interests.

What America May Learn

The lessons taught the United States by British experience are plain. The cost of procedure before any Federal tribunal that may be established to determine questions of rates, and others affecting the relations of shippers and carriers, must be cheap. The minimum expense to the plaintiff in Great Britain is estimated to be $2500, and some cases have cost six or eight times as much. This precludes the small shipper from fighting an unfair rate. Provision must be made for expediting the trial and decision of all cases. Although safeguarding the interests and rights of both sides, appeals from the decision of the American tribunal must be limited. They must, also, have early hearing to prevent that interminable delay that characterizes all our court processes and wears out and impoverishes our litigants. When final judgment is given in a case, the rate tribunal should have full authority to enforce it in others of similar character. Damages should be assessable against railroads guilty of unfair rates and of violations of the law to the disadvantage of individual shippers. Even after a new rate has been put in force by the tribunal, either party at a later date should have the right to renew the fight, after a specified time, on proof that conditions have so changed as to justify a revision. Care should be taken, of course, that this provision is not used to harass the shipper and to punish him for fighting the railroad.

While judicial learning is imperative on such a tribunal, the importance of knowledge of transportation and geographic conditions must not be overlooked. Perhaps if provision were made for some jurists and some men of practical affairs on the tribunal, this point would be met. With these provisions and such others as our peculiar conditions require, the American Government should be able to deal with the transportation problem to the general satisfaction of the railroads and the shippers, and in a more practical and effective way than has the British Parliament

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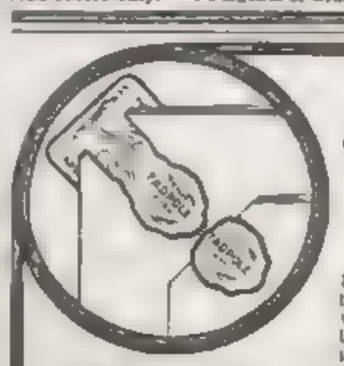

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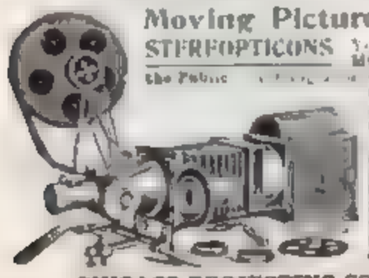

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A Yankee Trade in Singapore—By Henry Harrison Lewis

PIERCE we will call him—and that is the only bit of fiction in his story. By birth he was an American, and by profession the traveling representative of an American manufacturer of industrial railways, which is the trade-name of the little narrow-gauge tram lines used on plantations.

Well, Pierce happened to be at Hongkong one day early in February not many years ago. He had toured Japan and China and had dropped down the coast with the idea of working around to Bombay, and then home. A few hours before the departure of his steamer there was handed to him a cable message to the effect that a consignment of goods sent to an importing house at Singapore was imperiled by the sudden failure of the house, and ordering him to look after the property.

Pierce remembered the consignment. It consisted of about five miles of twelve-pound, twenty-inch-gauge track with metal ties and other fixtures, twenty-five platform, cane-carrying cars and a number of turntables and switches, which represented a pretty good figure. The failure of the commission house was entirely unexpected, and Pierce realized that it was up to him to protect his firm against any serious loss. He took the next steamer, and landed at Singapore five days later.

His first duty was to see the commission-house people. He found them practically bankrupt and already out of business. With the aid of a lawyer, Pierce recovered possession of the goods in the name of his firm, but as the great mass of stuff was eating itself up in storage charges, he had about decided to ship it back to the United States when, one evening, while seated in the hotel café, he was approached by a former clerk of the defunct commission house.

"Would you pay for a tip that may lead to a sale of that railway stuff?" asked the man in a low voice.

"Would a duck swim? Say, I'd go you twenty quid in a minute! A hundred dollars in gold sovereigns is not to be sneezed at. What have you got in your mind?"

The ex-clerk surreptitiously pointed out a burly, red-faced man clad in white linen and the pith helmet usually affected by planters, who had just taken his seat at an adjoining table.

"That is Vroom, the big sugar-planter who recently bought another plantation adjoining his old one in Java. He arrived here this morning. I understand he wants to see the agency manager who represents the German manufacturer of plantation tram roads."

Pierce gripped his chair. His mind harked back to a little affair in Hawaii when this same rival had taken an order while he was ill and incapacitated in Honolulu instead of giving him a fair show. The German salesman had said when rebuked for it: "What you think? All is fair in love and war—and business!"

Pierce did not lose a minute. Introducing himself to Vroom, he laid a proposition before him then and there. "I've got five miles of the best rails made, and twenty-five platform cars with everything necessary for immediate laying," he said. "And I'll make the price as low as the next one."

"The Germans sell cheaper than you Americans," said Vroom stolidly. "I think I buy from them."

Pierce made a rapid mental calculation. He knew just what the outfit stood his house and what it would cost to reship it back to the States. He finally named a figure that caused the planter to look at him in surprise:

"Five miles of twelve-pound rails, twenty-five platform cars and all the fixtures?"

Pierce nodded. Vroom thought a moment, then he looked up and said with a twinkle in his eyes: "That's a pretty good offer. I like that offer. Now I see what Mr. Hoffer, the German agency manager, has to say. Perhaps he does even better. He will be here to-morrow."

Pierce felt rather discouraged as he left Vroom, but after an hour's walk along the water-front he hastened back to the hotel in a singularly elated frame of mind. He was just in time to dispatch a long cable message to his firm before the office closed.

The following morning, bright and early, accompanied by the ex-clerk, he made various important calls in certain parts of the city. At noon the German agency manager arrived from Penang, and an hour later he, Vroom and Pierce foregathered in the café of Vroom's hotel.

"Gentlemen, we have a business proposition before us," said Vroom after a few preliminary words. "I am here to buy a plantation railway. I understand both of you have the material here in Singapore, and I also understand that one lot is as good as the other. Now, you know me and what my credit is. I am ready to pay cash with the usual discount for whatever I buy. The lowest price takes it."

Hoffer made a few figures on the marble top of the table and, after glancing triumphantly at Pierce, named his quotation. It was one hundred and fifty dollars lower than the American had named.

"I meet that. I quote the same figure," promptly replied Pierce.

"You can't do it," snarled Hoffer.

Pierce added quietly:

"I'll not only sell the outfit at that price, but I'll also carry it to Batavia and deliver it free of freight charges."

"Donnerwetter! I'll do the same," fairly shouted the German.

"Furthermore," continued Pierce, lighting a cigar, "I'll install the plant ready for work on Mr. Vroom's ground."

Hoffer gasped. This was something entirely beyond his wildest calculations. It was not customary for any manufacturing house to do more than deliver an order "F. O. B." He sprang from his chair and paced the floor. After a moment the German shouted:

"I do the same! I do the same, and quick, too! Mr. Vroom, you give me the order and I put up that plant on your plantation quick. Yes, quick!"

"Not any quicker than I will," said Pierce.

Vroom smoked away for a while, then he said:

"I tell you, gentlemen, what I will do. Both your prices and offers are equal. I make no favorites in this business. You know where Batavia is, and you can find out the location of my new plantation. The one who gets his railway in Batavia first gets the order. That settles it, eh?"

Pierce leaned back in his chair. "I accept that," he said quietly.

"I'll win that race if I have to carry the stuff on my back!" cried Hoffer.

With that he was out of the door. Pierce smiled and smoked his cigar as if there was no such thing as strenuous salesmanship on earth. Vroom eyed him curiously. Presently he said:

"Going to give it up?"

"Not on your life!"

"Then why don't you get what you Yankees call a 'hustle' on you? Hoffer, he'll be getting his stuff ready for shipping by now."

"I am in no great hurry," yawned Pierce. "Plenty of time. I expect Hoffer will be back here pretty soon. Suppose we draw up a contract in the mean time."

This operation took the better part of a half hour, and before the ink was fairly dry the German agent burst into the room. He shook his fist at Pierce and swore incoherently.

"What's the matter?" asked Vroom.

"Let him tell it," grinned Pierce.

Hoffer dropped into a chair and mopped his streaming face.

"Ven I go out to get transportation, what do I find?" he said almost plaintively. "I go to one boat, und they say they vas chartered mit an option for three days. I go to another und they say the same. Und a third. The only other boat in port is no good already. I could get him, but he take a veek to go by Batavia. It is a Yankee trick. Bah!"

Vroom chuckled until his ponderous body fairly shook.

"Mr. Hoffer," said Pierce, "I beg to differ with you. It was not a trick, but what we call a long shot in the States."

He flecked the ash from his cigar and added with a smile, "They say that all is fair in love and war—and business, you know. Just score one for us."

A Christmas Wish

Can you think of anything more appropriate or anything as a Christmas present that will be as much appreciated or give the recipient so much

POPE Waverley ELECTRIC

They work perfectly on the coldest [illegible] water to freeze up—[illegible] "Always ready," [illegible] clean and safe

Just think back a few years, a[illegible] how this type of [illegible] Waverley Electric [illegible] carriage for [illegible] me uber it [illegible] readiness, its ease of control, the gentle speed with which it lures you out to where the air is pure, and the way in which it adds to the sheer joy of living, will breed an affection for your Pope Waverley that has never been lavished before on an inanimate object.

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PLAYER FOLK

Why Mrs. Fiske Objected

MRS. FISKE has her own ideas about how a company should be rehearsed. Being herself of an extremely nervous temperament, and more than likely to be at her worst on a first night—so she declares—she has reason to know how fatal it is for actors to overwork, and especially to worry, in the course of preparation. Many a dismal failure, she says, might have been avoided if managers would remember that their people are human beings. Her idea is to begin with a new piece months in advance, so as to be able to give her company a long respite before the final test. She may not know it, but all sensible athletic trainers have come to a precisely similar conclusion.

One day, after a performance of Ibsen's Hedda Gabler, a friend of hers brought a party he had taken to the theatre to see her behind the scenes.

"I have heard," exclaimed a young woman with a burst of enthusiasm, "that you are perfectly wonderful at rehearsals!"

Mrs. Fiske bit her lip, somewhat in pique, perhaps, but with a keenly humorous twinkle in her eye, and retorted:

"Do you know, there *are* things I had rather have said about my acting!"

Maude Adams' Narrow Escape

IT IS not time yet to revive anecdotes of the youth of Maude Adams and Ethel Barrymore; but the fact that they are both starring in Barrie plays this year has recalled an incident of the days when they were on the lower rungs of the ladder. When Miss Adams was John Drew's first leading lady, in Rosemary, Miss Barrymore had the part of the maid-servant. They roomed together in a side street near the theatre. A friend of Miss Adams called toward the end of the performance to take her home. As they were coming out at the stage-door a messenger delivered a note from Miss Barrymore, who, having finished what she had to do, had left the theatre some time before. It was written in a scrawl that betokened both haste and extreme anxiety. "Come this minute," it read, "or it will be too late!" Miss Adams caught her breath in alarm and fairly flew round the corner. Miss Barrymore welcomed her with open arms and a deep sigh of relief. It was the day the ghost walks, and having got her pay (twenty dollars, and twenty-five on the road) she had blown in the margin of pocket-money on two quarts of ice cream, which was melting by the minute.

Back to the Paradox for Bernard

THE fate of Bernard Shaw's latest and most ambitious play, John Bull's Other Island, suggests that paradox is a self-limited disease, even in the case of the most brilliant.

One by one the irrepressible Irish wit has turned inside out all natural instincts and human emotions. He burst upon the London public with the declaration that he was an atheist, an anarchist and horrid climax!—a vegetarian. He wrote a novel attacking marriage as "the irrational knot." Then he wrote a play, Mrs. Warren's Profession, to champion a great evil. In Candida he made his heroine an exponent of something very like a dangerous morality. In other pieces he attacked the English people as self-deluded hypocrites. By and by he got married, and then he wrote a play, Man and Superman, to prove that in matrimony the man is a victim to the woman, bent on fulfilling her destiny as a mother. Everything he wrote was absolutely brilliant, and, in its paradoxical way, stimulating. But the British public would have none of Shaw. Then he announced that not only he himself, but Ibsen, too, was better than Shakespeare. Even this did not win a hearing from the Briton.

In New York, however, he found a public capable of tolerating his perversity for the stimulating joy of his wit. Then he wrote a farce, making out that the American public was so stupid as to admire him. Man and Superman, given only a few times in England, has here been filling a vast theatre nightly; but when a single librarian put his ban on the book, Shaw rose and called us all provincial, the victims of "Comstockery," and boasted that in the England that denies him he is comparatively free.

The end came lately. In John Bull's Other Island he has for once treated a grave question seriously. Except for one thing, the play would have been a masterpiece of intellectual comedy—and that was that Shaw attempted in it the portrayal of real men and normal emotions. The result would have been revolting—if it had been anything at all. The public that had so long and so patiently laughed with Shaw were bored until they found a sorry respite in laughing at him. So it's back to the paradox for Shaw, and the category of second-rate things.

Making London Howl

ONE of the most original and finished of our playwrights, Mr. Gillette is also one of the slowest in composition. His Clarice, which he has just produced in London, comes after an interval of almost five years. Its reception at the hands of the English critics was not warm; and the audience punctuated the performance with repeated cries of "Louder!" His greeting there in Sherlock Holmes, however, was even more hostile, the gallery booing him roundly; and, in spite of it, the play and performance proved an almost sensational success.

J. M. Barrie cabled Mr. Charles Frohman that, in his judgment, the play would succeed if Mr. Gillette would make the performance move a little more quickly. It is not unlikely that, under the stress of the first night, he overdid his very effective methods of repression and deliberation.

No Second Rip

MOST modern play-goers, if they search their memories, will find that their earliest vivid impression of the theatre is a simple-minded village loafer, who has been driven from his home on a stormy night, and who, high up on a mountain, encounters a stooping and bearded spook with a barrel on his shoulder. The rest of Rip Van Winkle has perhaps faded from that early recollection. Until Joseph Jefferson died it seemed likely that when we had sunk into second childhood, and all else had ceased to interest, we might still find delight in those mute conversations with Hendrik Hudson's ghostly crew. That hope has lately been revived, but only to be dashed.

The late actor's son, Thomas Jefferson, who was said to resemble his father, and who, during his later years, had on special occasions spelled him in the part, presented his performance at Wallack's Theatre for general approval. It was his intention, if he succeeded, to appear in leading theatres in all the big cities of the country. But he did not succeed. The audience, which had, quite unreasonably, of course, expected to find the son a young man, found him, instead, a wrinkled man of fifty. He resembled his father chiefly in the fact that he was past all semblance of the youthful Rip. The quaintness and arch distinction of the greatest of American comedians was lacking; the sparkle of his eye, the mellow sunlight of his face and the melting tenderness of his voice, all were clouded and subdued. It was a melancholy, almost painful, occasion. When Rip exclaimed: "And are we then so soon forgot?" every heart must have cried No! But though dear to memory, the elder actor was lost to sight and to hearing. The audience left the theatre with the heavy conviction that the real Rip, the dear Rip, was forever dead.

Gone Before Going

THE STROLLERS, which occupies the old house of the New York Yacht Club on Madison Avenue, near the Square, is rapidly rising into prominence, but is still, as it seems, struggling with the question of debit and credit. After one of their recent "strolls" the club auctioned off to their guests certain of the very remarkable collection of posters that adorns their walls. Among the rest was a portrait of Miss Irwin, who had just "obliged" with a coon song. When the bidding began Miss Irwin got up uncomfortably, and made her way out. Near the door she was stopped by a party of friends at one of the tables, who urged her to remain. Miss Irwin shook her head and remarked as she passed on: "I must be going before I am gone."

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JUST ask us to send you any stone that strikes your fancy. DON'T PAY ANYTHING until you've examined it. Just [illegible] style of setting you may [illegible] When it comes, examine it, test it [illegible] carefully and patiently as [illegible] send it out. Make sure that it's just as represented in every way—even BETTER than you expected. Then, if you're thoroughly pleased, pay a Fifth of the price down and the balance in Eight Monthly Payments. But if the stone is not all you expected, even in the smallest particular, send it right back, and you Owe us Nothing. That's the

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It means nothing more nor less than square, honest dealings—a pleased customer *every time* or Nothing to Pay. The result is a constantly growing army of Satisfied Customers who have implicit confidence in us, and we in them.

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See these beauties. Every one in 14 K Solid Gold. The Diamond is shown Actual Size. Just say the word and we'll send the one you select [illegible] Each stone is a TRUE GEM—absolutely [illegible] brilliancy and fire—not a flaw anywhere. You can tell the difference between one of these flawless gems and the ordinary commercial stones the moment you take it in your hands. Write today and ask for Catalogue (1200 illustrations) and our book "Holiday Suggestions." The exchange value of any Marshall Diamond bought previous to March, 1905, is 20 per cent. in advance of the purchase price.

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Your most earnest business argument lacks in power when written on poor paper.

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is good paper. We do not *say* it's the best. We say it is good, and request you to pass comparative judgment.

That OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND is good paper for commercial stationery is the testimony of discriminating business men—many of them have told us it is the best.

Prove this for yourself—have your printer show you the OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND Book of Specimens, or better still, write us for a copy. It contains suggestive specimens of letterheads and other business forms, printed, lithographed and engraved on the white and fourteen colors of OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND. Please write on your present letterhead.

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'A Road of a Thousand Wonders," beginning in the sunkissed land of perpetual spring, clinging to the studded crest of the blue Pacific, plunging through valleys of fruit and flowers, over [illegible] hills and majestic mountains, around and around snow-crowned Shasta into the Rose City of Oregon.

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Every turn of the COAST LINE AND SHASTA ROUTE is a revelation. Every mile gives new coloring, new life, new greatness to this ever changing panorama, and you must not stop until you reach the end, for even if you live as long as the world endures, you will never find another trip that equals "The Road of a Thousand Wonders.

A FEW OF THE THOUSAND

Leaving behind with many a regret, Los Angeles, the City of Angels, the country where every day is May-day, with its orange groves and garlands of flowers, its palm-bordered vistas, its seaside and mountains, the first stop should be

CAMULOS

the home of Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona." The old ranch house, the quaint old chapel, the Indian pestle and mortars, the stone olive presses of a hundred years ago, are all here amid oranges and lemons, walnut, olive and rose trees

SAN BUENAVENTURA

Here is the first of the many old Spanish Missions you visit on the COAST LINE AND SHASTA ROUTE, each one charming you with its rare art treasures, priceless books, ancient robes of the Franciscan Friars, and sweet toned bells on their rawhide thongs, ringing as they did over a hundred years ago. At San Buenaventura you could listen for a week to the lore of Father Grogan, but "The Road of a Thousand Wonders" calls you to see the most gorgeous series of marine and mountain masterpieces Nature ever painted. For a century of miles and more the train threads the green-graced foothills [illegible] trains within a stone flip of the ever-changing Pacific. Every curve, every bend of the roadway displays another picture, until you are fairly spellbound with the glory of it all. In the meantime you have stopped at beautiful

SANTA BARBARA

where spring and summer keep house together the year round, and welcome you alike in December and July.

The magnificent Hotel Potter; the never-tiring drives; the invigorating sea-bathing; the awe of the mountains; the inspiration of the flowers; the fascination of fishing and catching something worth while; the charm of the Santa Barbara Mission where sombre-robed friars welcome everyone as they did the hidalgos in days of yore, all this and more you find to hold you at Santa Barbara, but the train arrives and your itinerary says "all aboard" for PISMO. This is a new resort where the never-silent waves have formed a 22-mile beach of indescribable beauty and planned the greatest bathing Mecca of future generations. From Pismo it is but a step to

SAN LUIS OBISPO

where the Christianizing Fathers wrought another link in their chain of Missions. Here also is the location of Fremont's earthworks, making San Luis Obispo one of the important historical points in California.

From San Luis Obispo the COAST LINE AND SHASTA ROUTE of the Southern Pacific Company follows the path of the padres over the heights of the Santa Lucia Mountains to

PASO ROBLES HOT SPRINGS

where the park-surrounded hotel of the same name bids you welcome, while you are rejuvenated by the nature baths of hot sulphur water and soothing peat, where the Indians cured their ills centuries before the first pilgrimage of the paleface. Every page of Paso Robles Hot Springs' history teems with miracles wrought by these springs, now enshrined in a marble bathing palace

DEL MONTE

is a playground which one readily believes was once inhabited by the gods and fairies of mythology; a 126-acre park to which every clime has contributed her rarest specimens in the creation of a haven for the botanist, the nature lover, the health seeker, the golf lover, the polo player. Here, too, among many others, is that far-famed 17-mile drive—the road of things curious, weird and unbelievable—through historical Monterey, with all its landmarks of early California; through the cypress forest of mystic or[illegible] which sets you thinking of things supernatural, around the spray-washed cliffs and pebbled sands of Monterey Bay, back to the hallowed Mission of Carmel. Usually those who stop at Del Monte [illegible] those who are to see a thousand wonders [illegible] the time and [illegible] through the Pajaro Valley, that realm of verdure, that kaleidoscope of colors to

THE BIG TREES OF SANTA CRUZ

the oldest living things on earth. [illegible] Big Trees of California you bow in [illegible]. They are so much greater than [illegible] you imagined; they are so far beyond anything with which you have to compare them that you are awe-stricken; your emotions are indescribable; you want to be alone to compass them with the mind, to believe that what you see is really true.

Next you halt at San Jose, in the Santa Clara Valley, that sea of blossoms, where six million trees in bloom make the cherry blossoms of Japan look like a pea patch. Here, with the Hotel Vendome as headquarters, you visit Santa Clara, with its relic-stored Mission, and that tomb among the clouds—

THE LICK OBSERVATORY

Like a castle from the golden book mother read, the Lick Observatory shines white and clear on the summit of Mt. Hamilton, from which can be seen the most magnificent panorama of the Santa Clara Valley; the rugged peaks of the Santa Cruz mountains; the bay of San Francisco, the restless Pacific far beyond; the San Joaquin Valley and the snow-capped summits of the Sierras.

From San Jose to San Francisco the COAST LINE AND SHASTA ROUTE of the Southern Pacific Company is a myriad of surprises until you reach Palo Alto, the home of that great educational monument

THE STANFORD UNIVERSITY

a work of love in which thirty millions of dollars have been devoted to completing the grandest temple of learning ever erected. The Moorish architecture of the early California Missions, the perfectly equipped buildings, each a college in itself, are alone worth hours of study. The Memorial Chapel calls you back again and again to marvel at the mosaic covered walls, the memorial windows of stained glass, the altar of pure white Carrara, the pulpit of stone and [illegible] brought [illegible]. The glory of the coloring as the golden sun gives startling life to all these masterpieces of the Old World, holds you spellbound and thoughtful, and when you finally step quietly away it is with the greatest reverence in the heart for those who have blessed the world with such an edifice.

SAN FRANCISCO

the gateway to the Orient, the key of commerce to [illegible] the most fascinating metropolis of [illegible] other age, commands you to forget there is such a thing as time and invites you to dwell within her gates, [illegible] which make of her City Square, the Rome, [illegible] gayest of America.

With the famous [illegible] of the glorious St. Francis as a [illegible] different trip can be taken every day in the year, and some of them [illegible] seeing the Golden Gate with its tropical park; the Presidio, where Uncle Sam guards the harbor; Alcatraz Island, the military prison of the Pacific; Fort Winfield Scott; Fort Mason; the Navy Yard on Mare Island; Mt. Tamalpais; the Cliff House, Seal Rocks and Sutro Heights, not forgetting Chinatown with all its mystery and superstition.

From San Francisco the COAST LINE AND SHASTA ROUTE of the Southern Pacific Company carries you directly northward through the picturesque Sacramento Valley, to the stage on which was played the first act in the drama of '49.

SACRAMENTO

To those who love the history of their land the capital of California is an inexhaustible archive, a city [illegible] most important of which is the Fort of Gen. [illegible] place to which John Marshall brought the news of the first discovery of gold. Sutter's Fort is now a veritable museum of the days of '49.

The Crocker Art Gallery of the capital city adds an extra attraction for lovers of rare old art, its walls being covered with the finest collection of Dutch and Flemish treasures in America.

North from Sacramento this wonderful road of the Southern Pacific Company lies through a Garden of Eden. Every town holds something of interest—Yuba City, Marysville, Chico, Vina, Red Bluff, Redding, all extending an inviting hand to the sight-seeker, the hunter, the fisherman, the investor. At

CHICO

Uncle Sam has established his Plant Introduction Station where marvelous experiments are carried on the year round in the culture of flowers, fruits, nuts and vegetables for the benefit of mankind. From here "The Road of a Thousand Wonders" climbs through the beautiful canyon of the Sacramento [illegible] turning, twisting, tunneling, with every caprice of the [illegible] river, parallel with rugged crags, peaks and [illegible] the eyes shut in sheer bewilderment [illegible] to appreciate the most [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

BOOK LEAVES

SIR WILLIAM OF THE HOT HEART—
RED SAUNDERS IS KNIGHTED AND GOES A-VENTURING.

¶ Red Saunders is more interesting in short stories than in a novel. There is something fulminative, sudden-and-soon-over about the gentleman's habit of life that suited the more compact form better. "Sir William of the Hot Heart" his mother dubbed him, and throughout his life the name stuck.

"It doesn't matter," he says, "whether a thing is wise or not—in fact you never can tell whether a thing *is* wise or not—but if it has size to it, it suits me." There were several sizable moments in Mr. Saunders' life and he is at his best in recounting them singly. Told sequentially they have too much the effect of beads on a string, and the original philosophy and direct personal observation that give them value individually are broken and scattered in the effort for continuity. The story belittles the incident and the incidents clog the story.

Saunders, as we have known him heretofore, is a grown man. In Plain Mary Smith (by Henry Wallace Phillips: *The Century Company*) he tells the story of his green boyhood and raw youth. Beginning in New England, and ending in Central America, the action is spattered with coloring of quaint characterization and sudden lights of apt comment. You know the New England spinster of pronounced views? Such a one was Mary Ann McCracken. Mr. Saunders from the distance of maturity pays her a reflective tribute. "She's the only human being I ever met that did just exactly what he, she, or it sweetly d——d pleased to do. In that way she's restful to remember." One more: "I learned the reason why the Spanish American incorporated the revolution in his constitution. It's because of the scarcity of theatres. If there was a theatre for every ten inhabitants, and plays written where everybody was a king, peace would settle on Spanish America like a green scum on a frog-pond." That, gentle reader, might almost be called statecraft.

The book is too good to quarrel with, and merely to say that the short stories were better is only to express a preference. Such as it is, it had to be, and its very merits are the causes of its defects.

SIX STORIES OF SQUALID HOMES AND SPLENDID MANSIONS WHICH "ARE FOR YOU." ARE YOU FOR THEM?

¶ The difficulty with John Luther Long appears to be a lack of the critical faculty as applied to his own work. He has a delicate sentiment, but it frequently spills over into sentimentality on the most trivial provocation. He has humor, but it does not save him from extravagance. He has tact in the manipulation of words, and moments of singularly affecting, direct and ample utterance, but not the quality of personal distinction, the fastidious self-restraint, that sets the best work above the contagion of the commonplace. In the story called The Loaded Gun (one in the collection now brought out by *The Macmillan Company* under the title Heimweh) this is the sentiment put into the mouth of the wounded drunkard, dimly becoming conscious, in the quiet of the hospital under the gentle ministerings of his nurse, of the disorder of his life:

> "What was it mother used to say?"
> Finally he remembered it.
> "Always be gentle to all women. For some of them are mothers, and all of them are daughters of mothers."

This is true; but as a practicable working theme it has a value precisely equivalent to the opinions of Bernard Shaw's enemy, The Queen's Reader of Plays, whose ideas, says Mr. Shaw, had, in the course of nature, become quite obsolete. Heimweh, the leading number of the six, and the one from which the book takes its name, is the story of the mother of those five sons who "died gloriously on the field of battle." She had no pride, "solemn" or otherwise, in laying "so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom." . . . "She cared nothing for the 'cause,' or for 'freedom.' They were dead." Now nobody can deny the noble worth of *that* theme. But does it not jar a little on one's inbred reverence for the truth, that the mother of Mr. Long's story should be Pennsylvania German, whereas we all know perfectly well that the mother of Abraham Lincoln's letter was from New England?

Nevertheless, Heimweh is a story of more than ordinary merit, and Liebereich, another Pennsylvania German story, is second to it only. In writing as simple, as tender and as sincere as this, it is not difficult to forgive eccentricities of history or idiosyncrasies of punctuation. Mr. Long's pages remind one of Murray's comment on Byron's manuscript, that the poet had never progressed beyond the schoolboy dash and comma. Besides these two there are four others, kindred in varying degree, as the author, perhaps a little fulsomely indicates in his dedication:

> Whether you be sick with longing for these squalid homes on earth where love is never sure, or for those splendid mansions in our Father's House where it waits always—these are for you.

¶ "ONCE WHEN I WAS TALKING with Doctor Holmes," has written President Eliot, "about the best pleasures in life, he mentioned, as one of the most precious, frequent contact with quick and well-stored minds in large numbers." And just as one enjoys talking with one's friends, so one enjoys talking about them. Good books become friends, and it is the pleasure of discovery, of comparison, of understanding, "of frequent contact with quick and well-stored minds" that gives to literary criticism its value. Good criticism helps a man to a knowledge of the history and a share in the activities of the human family.

Such a volume as Makers of English History, by W. J. Dawson (*Fleming H. Revell Company*), will fill companionably the leisure of any reader who has a speaking acquaintance with English literature. The short essays which compose it cover Defoe, Richardson, Fielding, Jane Austen, Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, Stevenson and lesser names between. They build no body of constructive criticism, they discover no delicately-flavored hours of subtle appreciation; there are none of those flashes of personal intuition, and little of the "packed phrase," the "brief poignant word," or of that wider correlation with the slow round of age-long thought that make of the great essays beacons, guides and counselors; but they are well informed, open minded, mellow and kindly: time spent on them will not be wasted.

¶ ONE OF THE BEST EXPRESSIONS of the healthy movement toward an outdoor life which the past five years have witnessed has been the opening of school-gardens in many cities where children are taught, at first hand, a practical sort of botany. It is this, perhaps, that has moved Alfred Bigelow Paine to the writing of A Little Garden Calendar (*Henry Altemus Company*). Mr. Paine gives the children a full year among the flowers, and his knowledge is so thorough and his language so clear that the little volume should prove quite as valuable to its juvenile audience as did A Hardy Garden and that ilk to elder ears.

¶ TALES OF THE FISH PATROL, by Jack London (*The Macmillan Company*), do not hold the level the author's recent work has given his public the right to expect of him. The seven connected short stories of which the book is made up—well told, adventurous and active—fail to be notable in style or memorable in matter. They have the air of very high-class juvenile special articles written to order at the suggestion of some sublimated Sunday editor.

¶ FOR ALL CLASSES AND CONDITIONS of farmers—those who have been, those who are, those who are about to be and those who would like to be—The Fat of the Land, by John Williams Streeter, is one of the most entertaining and informing books ever written. We are glad to see that it is now republished in paper covers at a more reasonable cost by *The Macmillan Company*.

¶ THERE IS NOT MUCH to be said of The Yellow War (*McClure, Phillips & Co.*) except that its battle scenes—and it is nothing but battle scenes—are vivid—with the realism of the newspapers' office-made "report from the front."

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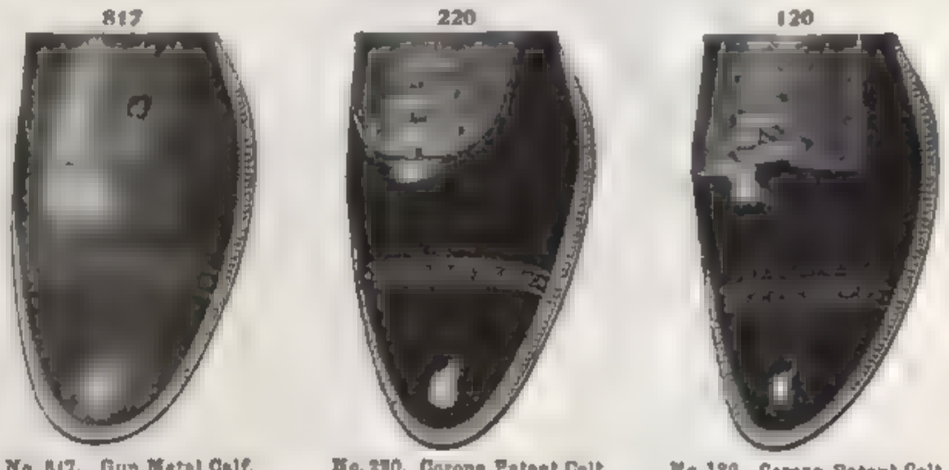

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LITERARY FOLK
Their Ways and Their Work

Vance Thompson
Who Sees Diplomatic Mysteries Through a Glass—Clearly

Vance Thompson's Monocle

THE monocle is the eyeglass of diplomacy—unless the diplomacy be of the shirt-sleeve variety which wins epoch-making victories such as that of Portsmouth—but it is not because he has written Diplomatic Mysteries that Vance Thompson wears a monocle. Not at all. He has always worn it—greatly to the delight of the American public and much to the despair of his photographers, who complain that the edge of it "shows up" like a bruise or a growth under the subject's eye.

As long ago as the Molineux trial in New York, Thompson was wearing that monocle. He was reporting the trial for an evening paper, but would always come into the crowded court-room somewhat late, pause while the attendants cleared a way for him and then make what dramatic critics call "an impressive entrance." Arrived at the reporter's table, he would remove his fur-trimmed overcoat, screw his monocle into his eye, survey the multitude, sit down with his back to judge and witness and finally, to all appearances, proceed to drop into a gentle slumber. And, after the court had adjourned for the day, Mr. Thompson's stories of the trial would be the most spirited and most exact published.

How He Happened to Burn It

MANY interesting neighbors drop in and chat with Mark Twain when he is at "Quarry Farm," his summer home near Elmira. A small boy turned up not long ago with his hand wrapped in a bandage. Mr. Clemens expressed concern and asked the cause.

"Laid it on a red-hot stove and forgot to take it off," was the terse reply.

Mr. Le Gallienne's Hair

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE'S hair has been the subject of much speculation among his acquaintances. It is long, and there be those who say it is also ambrosial. Naturally, now that Mr. Le Gallienne is, to all intents and purposes, an American, he has frequently been asked why he wears it to such an extent. As a rule, the author of Prose Fancies has replied by adopting the Shakespearian attitude:

"We ask and ask: thou smilest and art still"—

but recently he offered to one curious friend this explanation:

"It began when I was a poor clerk in a Liverpool shipping-office. I did not care for the work and was paid accordingly. Besides, my mind was largely employed in the writing of newspaper-verse and some book-reviewing which had come my way. I was—if I remember rightly—in love, too, and altogether I managed completely to forget many details of personal appearance—shoes and hat and one thing and another.

"This went on for some time. Then, one day, a fellow-clerk came to my desk and told me that the board of directors was in session and wanted to see me. I willingly gave them that rare opportunity.

"There sat the row of mummies all around a big table. I said cheerily:

"'Good-morning, gentlemen.'

"They nodded—some of them. Then there was a pause, broken at last by the saddest and gravest of them all—the chairman, I presume.

"'Mr. Le Gallienne,' said he, 'we have been watching you carefully of late ——'

"'Thank you,' said I.

"'And we have decided,' continued the chairman, 'that, if you have not a shilling to procure a hair-cut, we'll vote you that amount out of the earnings of the company.'

"That hurt my pride. I then and there walked out of that shipping-house forever—and I've not had my hair cut since."

From the War to the Jungle

MOST critics were disappointed last season when Upton Sinclair's Manassas was only a moderate success. The book, although lacking in the elements of construction and characterization which are so necessary to the making of a novel, was reckoned about the best presentation which, in this particular form, the causes leading up to the Civil War have yet received. Manassas was but the first of a series of three novels which were to cover the whole period of our great internal conflict, but it now appears that the author has, for the time at least, abandoned that plan, since his new story is The Jungle, a socialistic narrative picturing the darker side of life in the Chicago stockyards as exemplified in the life of a lowly Lithuanian. Mr. Sinclair espoused Socialism some years since—at about the same time, indeed, that Jack London did—and The Jungle has been running serially in a Socialistic magazine. David Graham Phillips recently spoke highly of the tale.

Paul Dunbar's Personal Critic

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR—the only negro, according to Mr. Howells, who has seen and expressed his race aesthetically—writes to a friend from his home in Dayton, Ohio:

"My plans for my winter's work are like the core of the little, poor bootblack's apple: 'They ain't goin' to be no work.' Instead, I am going down to South Carolina to try to get in shape to work some time in the vague, misty future. And, in the mean time, I have been contemplating for a long while the institution of a pension committee for ancient and decayed verse-writers.

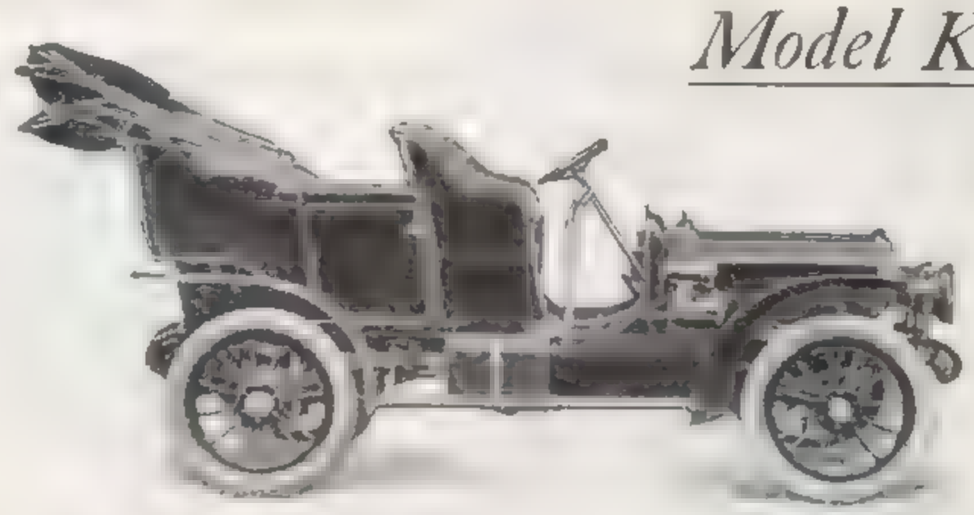
"This idea came to me some years ago in Lexington, Kentucky. I had been giving a reading there and, on the morning following my public appearance, was lying in a dentist's chair taking a quiet survey of the colored people who came into the place, the dentist being my friend. Finally, one old gentleman, thinking that I was asleep, looked at me long and fixedly, and then turned away with a grunt of disgust.

"'Is dat dat Lau'ence Dunba'?' he said, and, being answered in the affirmative, he stumped out with the remark: 'Uhm, I certainly did think he was some big, nice-looking man!'"

What Hurt Mrs. Ward

A CRITIC must be careful in the choice of his arrows: you can never tell which will hurt most. Thus London literary gossip just now has it that, among all the things written of The Marriage of William Ashe, the one that pained Mrs. Ward more than any other was from an American review that compared the niece of Matthew Arnold to dear old Felicia Hemans. Both of these women, said the reviewer, were awed by the mere mention of a lord, and Mrs. Hemans "wrote verse following at about the same level as Mrs. Ward's prose: always respectable, yet barren of inspiration, of high or rare quality." It must be confessed that Mrs. Ward's latest book does not show any signs of her having lost that birthright of the English woman, a reverence for the "titled classes."

Model K



WINTON Power-Saving Transmission

"THE [illegible] Worm and Spur Driving [illegible]

[illegible] the power [illegible] Motor shaft [illegible] so *gradually* to the driving shaft that the Car starts off without the slightest jar, risk of wrenched [illegible] sheering cogs in gear wheels [illegible] have the *principle* of Winton transmission [illegible]

[illegible] the Motor, which [illegible] Motor shaft) into a [illegible] disk at forward end of [illegible] and lock it there by a [illegible] lever. [illegible] Motor shaft now comes gently into *contact* with the "standing-still" disk of the Driving-shaft.

For the first few turns it purposely [illegible] little on the face of the conical disk, till it [illegible] the thin film of lubricating oil coating [illegible] it gradually *takes hold* on the Conical disk and, by crowded contact, carries this conical (driving) [illegible] the latter travels at the *same* speed as the Motor shaft itself.

[illegible] crushing, twisting nor stripping [illegible] gear wheels there, you see [illegible] verse speed" are worked [illegible] principle.

And this Winton [illegible] shaft, with minimum loss of [illegible] filled with lubricating grease [illegible] dispenses all Noise and practically all [illegible] the unwieldy [illegible] that fill with [illegible] ash" and that [illegible] dispenses with exposed Sprocket [illegible] be housed nor lubricated [illegible] that collect and [illegible]

[illegible] for of 40 Horse Power or [illegible] brakes, two on rear wheels and one on driving shaft, will stop the Car in its own length.

—Winton Pneumatic Speed-Control, operated by foot pressure (or by thumb on steering [illegible] of speed [illegible] smooth or rough roads, and that nearly [illegible] the life of Tires.

—Infallible [illegible]

—Automatic Compensating [illegible]

—Big 34-inch tires on 12-spoke artillery wheels.

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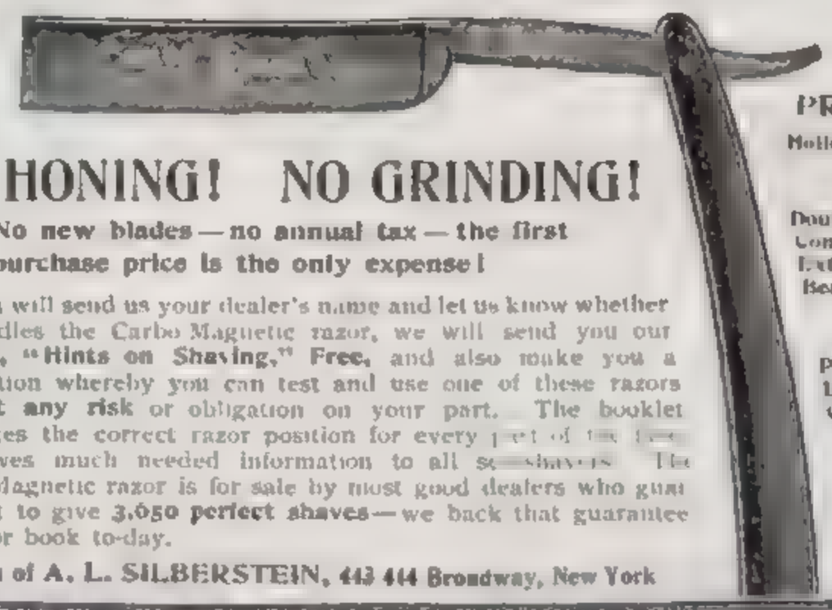

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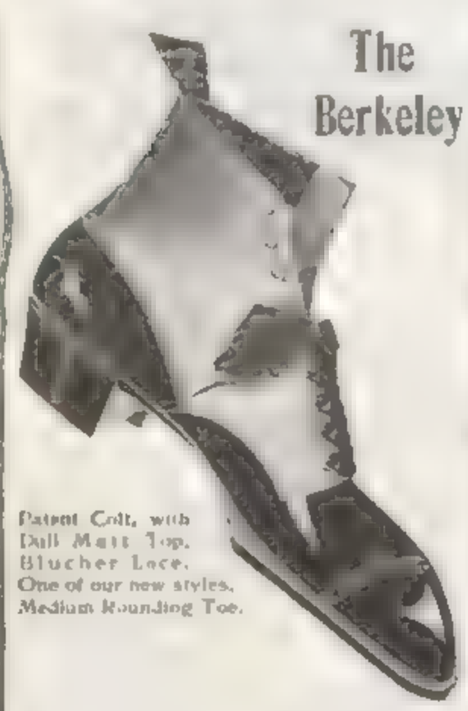

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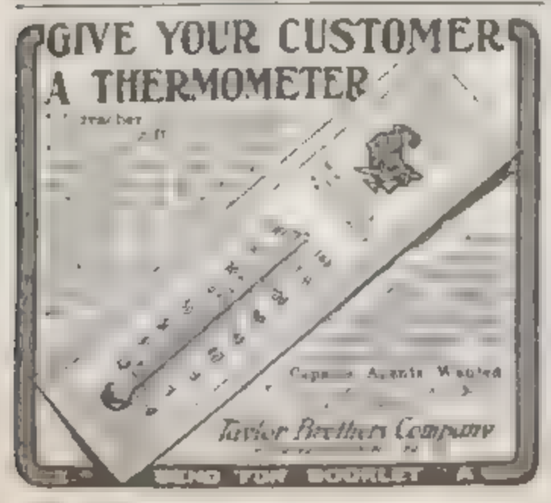


Taylor Brothers Company

SEND FOR BOOKLET "A"

SENSE AND NONSENSE

Hallow E'en

Hallow E'en! Hallow E'en!
Crimson leaves among the green;
Mellow moons and nights serene!
Now the year, before it passes, sallies forth in masquerade,
Painting gay its trees and grasses, flaring free before they fade.
In brilliant mien
Comes Hallow E'en.

Hallow E'en! Hallow E'en!
Now the fairy folk convene
In their mystic, dim demesne.
In the churchyard ghostly groupings wander wailing through the gloom,
While the Lubberkin's weird whoopings drive the butler and the groom
Mad, I ween,
On Hallow E'en.

Hallow E'en! Hallow E'en!
Feast of Puck and Mab his queen,
And all little elves between.
Now the Pixy's frolic finger comes a-tapping at the panes
Bidding: "Lassies, do not linger. Hear the pleadings of your swains."
Love is Dean
Of Hallow E'en.

Hallow E'en! Hallow E'en!
Folding back the future's screen,
Now may coming things be seen.
Molten lead in water hissing, nuts outpopping from the coals,
Spinning apples spurning kissing — by such signs do love-taught souls
Secrets glean
On Hallow E'en.

— *Warwick James Price*

A Terrible Threat

"EXTRA BILLY" Smith, the Confederate General, was one of the most irascible as well as one of the most patriotic of men. Upon one occasion he was leading a regiment on a long and difficult march. Weary and exhausted they halted for a rest by the wayside. When it became necessary to move on, the General gave the order, but the tired men remained stretched upon the ground. The order was repeated peremptorily. Still no motion. By this time the temper of the General was at white heat. He thundered out:

"If you don't get up and start at once I'll march the regiment off and leave every d——d one of you behind."

They started

A Sure Thing

My father used to say to me,
"If you wish a thing well done
You must do it yourself, for you can't," said he,
"Depend on any one."
But I have a rule that works real well,
For it counts not when or where,
If I wish a thing well done I tell
The waiter to bring it rare.

— *Nixon Waterman.*

How Lincoln Crushed the Bore

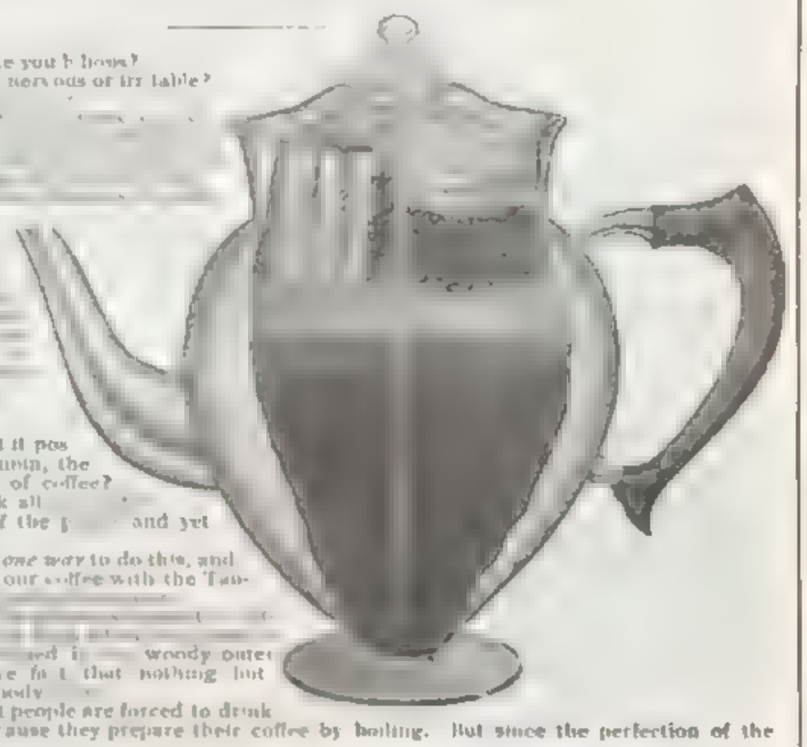
PRESIDENT LINCOLN was the weariest man in the world one day in August, 1862. The Union army had been worsted in several battles; there was great dissatisfaction throughout the North, and hope had almost fled. Mr. Lincoln sat alone in his office in the White House, his long legs propped high on a table, his great arms hanging listlessly, his head fallen and resting upon his chest. He was the personification of despair.

But that made no difference to Congressman Branger of Indiana, the most pompous and word-y man in the House of Representatives, who came bustling in.

"Mr. President," he said, "I am delighted to find you here. I have waited for some time to tell you just what to do. Now, it is simply imperative to supersede General Scratch-so. I would put General Buck-y at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Then I'd open a job-lot with the Army of the Scratch-so, and a general movement on Richmond. Meantime we must ... and so forth and so forth, with an occasional ... for ten minutes.

When the Congressman at last paused for breath, Mr. Lincoln raised his massive

How to Make Rich Coffee that Leaves no Bad Effect



DOES coffee ever make you ... your nerves out of tune?

... then, you ask, isn't it possible to get rid of the Tannin, the health destroying element of coffee? ... if so, can't one drink all ... ed, to the delight of the ... and yet without injurious effect?

Surely, but there is only *one way* to do this, and that way is by preparing your coffee with the Tea- ... ed ... woody outer shell—and it is a mistake to ... that nothing but boiling water will affect woody ...

Now, unfortunately most people are forced to drink the injurious elements because they prepare their coffee by boiling. But since the perfection of the

"Universal" Coffee Percolator

it is *easy* to prepare coffee ... means coffee *free from* ... which means coffee containing ... and healthy elements of the bean ...

How is this done you ask?

Just note the illustration of the Percolator.

To make coffee, first place the ground coffee in the cup at the top of the pot. Then fill the lower part of the pot with *cold water*.

See that tube extending from the bottom of the ... right to the top of the cup?

Well, this tube is hollow, and at its lower end there is a valve which fits on an air tight base.

As soon as you place the tube in the pot, it fills with some of the water you have put there. The valve at the lower end of the tube also contains water.

Just put the pot on a gas ... turn on your heat and the P... making the healthiest most delicious cup of coffee you ever tasted ...

You see, the heat turns the small bubble of water in the valve into steam almost immediately. This steam forces the *cold* water ... through the coffee in the cup ... releasing the injurious acid — Tannin. Because the beneficent and fragrant elements being in the soft part of the bean can be extracted with cold water, while the T... hard or woody part of the bean requires boiling to extract.

Now, when all the water in the tube has been forced into the cup, the tube fills up again with cold water from the pot.

This process of forcing water into the cup containing the coffee keeps repeating itself, while the water in the pot gradually heats, *but need not boil* before being ready to serve, so that none of the Tannin *need be* released—and as the coffee is thoroughly made before steam is given off, *none* of its strength and freshness is lost.

Thus, in 12 minutes, the Universal Percolator makes coffee, as hot as you can drink it, containing all the deliciously fragrant elements of the ... and ... free from the ... parts ...

As you can easily understand why, if you quit ... ing coffee, as you must with all ... coffee makers, and use only the Universal Percolator, you will be able to drink all the rich, ... and ... coffee you want without being ... dyspeptic.

Ask your dealer to show you the Universal Coffee Percolator.

Or, if you would like to first know more about its positive merit, drop us a postal, giving your name and address and we will send you free a book that gives you the fullest possible information. Write us today. LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, 75 Commercial St., New Britain, Conn.

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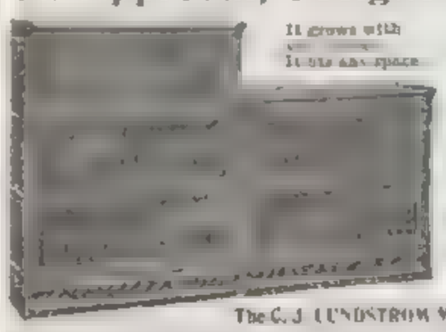

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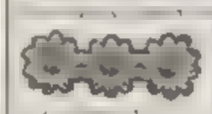

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head and with gloomy eyes regarded him for a few seconds. Then, with solemn face but just the hint of a twinkle in the sad eyes:

"Mr. Binfinger" he declared slowly—"Mr. Binfinger, you—*don't*—remind—me of—*anything*."

He Knew Enough

MR. JAMES FRANCIS BURKE, now Congressman from the Thirty-second District of Pennsylvania, in an address to the graduating class of a Pittsburg school told the following story:

"The president of an ocean-liner company was taking a journey across the water and, when the ship entered a very dangerous channel, he engaged in conversation with the pilot, who, by the way, was a whiskered old man of sixty-eight, with all the appearance of having spent most of his days on the water. The magnate remarked:

"'I suppose you know all the dangerous places in this channel.'

"The pilot, looking straight out into the night, gruffly replied: 'Nope.'

"'You don't!' said the magnate, very much surprised. 'Then why on earth are you in charge of that wheel? What *do* you know?'

"'I know where the bad places *ain't*,' coolly replied the old pilot, much to the satisfaction of the magnate."

The Point of View

Though the world may seem soggy and sad to the churl
With vision beclouded and simple,
It is all one long laugh-making joy to the girl
Who has beautiful teeth and a dimple.

Nixon Waterman

Too Far from the Market

SOON after the Civil War, General Rufus Ingalls, U. S. A., visited a friend in the South. Taking a walk one morning, he met a boy coming up from the river with a fine string of fish

"What will you take for your fish?" asked the General

"Thirty cents," was the reply

"Thirty cents!" repeated the General in astonishment. "Why, if you were in New York you could get three dollars for them."

The boy looked critically at the officer for a moment and then said scornfully:

"Yas, suh; en I reckon if I had a bucket of water in hell I could get a million for it."

In the Sign Language

"WHEN I sends you out, Jacob, to peddle dem goods," said the irate parent, "I spen's all my moneys to buy you dot big diamon' ring to make you look brosperous, en vat I sees; you turns dat ring wrong sides before on de insides. You was make me crazy, Jacob."

"You vas wrong, fader," said the son "I don't peddle dat vay—my han's backwards, like dat. I peddles like dis, wid de face of my han's outside, see! En I shows de ring like it vas a accident en I vas tryin' to hide my brosperity."

Philander and the Office-Boy

MR. KNOX, at present a Senator from Pennsylvania, was formerly engaged in the practice of law in Pittsburg.

One day, says a friend, Mr. Knox was much put out to find on his arrival at his office that everything was topsyturvy and that the temperature of his rooms was much too low for comfort. Summoning his office-boy, a lad but recently entered in his employ, the lawyer asked who had raised every window in the place on such a cold morning.

"Mr. Muldoon, sir," was the answer.

"Who is Mr. Muldoon?" asked the attorney.

"The janitor, sir."

"Who carried off my waste-basket?" was the next question.

"Mr. Reilly, sir."

"And who is Mr. Reilly?"

"He's the man that cleans the rooms."

Mr. Knox frowned sternly at the boy and said: "See here, Richard, we call men by their first names here. We don't 'muster' them in this office. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir." And the boy retired.

In a few minutes he reappeared and in a shrill, piping voice announced:

"There's a gentleman that wants to see you, Philander."

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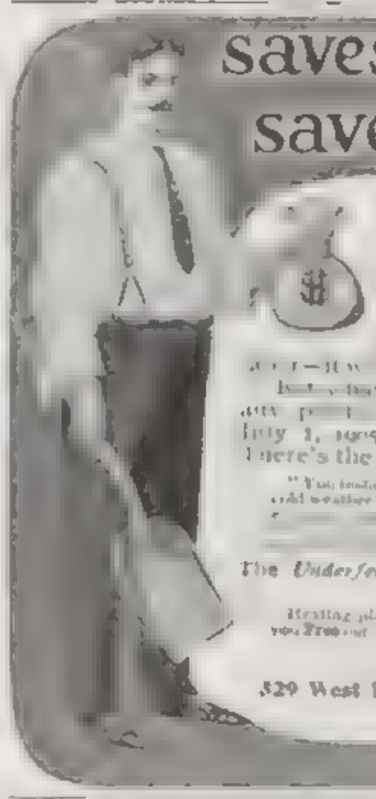

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ONE of the most remarkable of recent scientific inventions is a little instrument, somewhat resembling a tiny microscope, to which the name "scintilloscope" has been given. Inside of it is a minute quantity of pitchblende (the ore from which radium is obtained), and, when one looks into it, in the dark, a vivid sparkling is seen to be continually emitted from the substance. This sparkling is the visible sign of what is known as "radio-activity."

When it is considered that in a ton of pitchblende there is only about one grain of radium—approximately the same proportion as that of gold in sea water—one realizes, in the first place, why radium is worth $4,000,000 a pound, and secondly, that the instrument in question is one of extraordinary delicacy and sensitiveness. Its practical usefulness lies in the means it affords for discovering new radio-active substances, valuable for medical or other purposes. Thorium, for example, is such a substance; and, though weak compared with radium, it has the important advantage of costing only seven dollars a pound.

It is now more than suspected, by the way, that the superior efficacy of the famous waters of Bath, of Nauheim, and of other such health resorts, when one goes to those places to bathe in or drink them, as compared to the method of using them, or chemical counterfeits of them, elsewhere, is due to the fact that the soil through which they percolate contains powerful radio-active substances. If this be the case, it ought to be practicable to supply the radio-activity by the introduction of such substances into the water—a theory which is soon to be tested by careful experiments. Should these experiments prove successful, a piece of knowledge of great importance to the art of medicine will have been gained

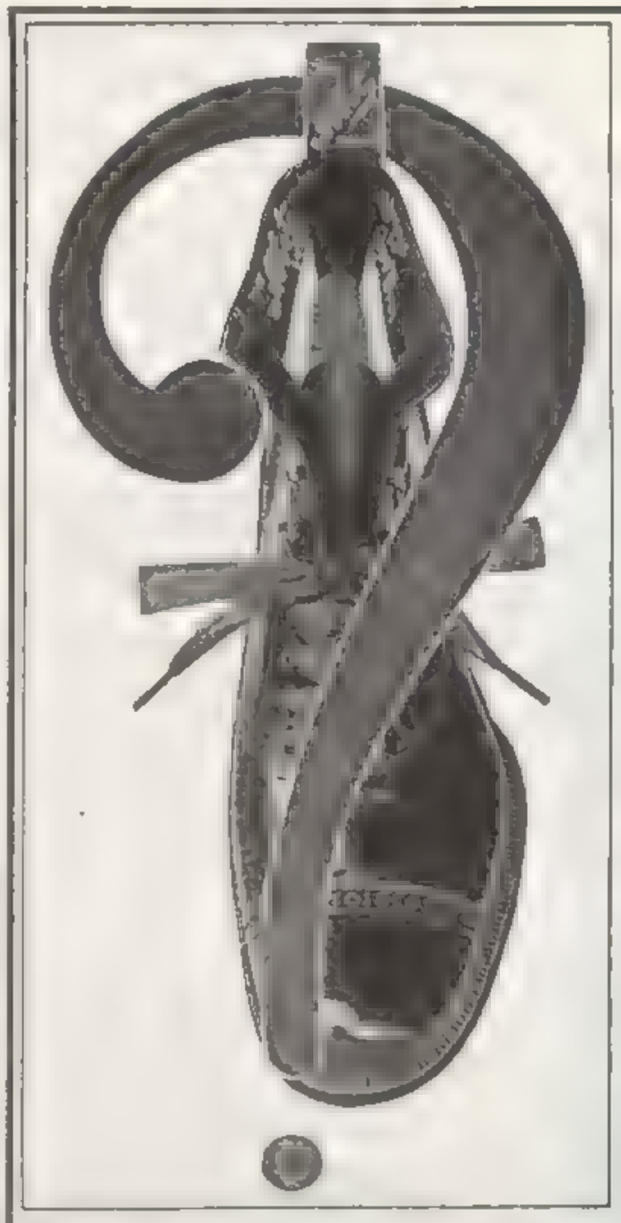
BOBWHITE, THE FARMER'S FRIEND—HE EATS BUGS TABLE D'HOTE AND MAY BRING IN SPORTSMEN'S MONEY.

THE Government Bureau of Mammals and Birds is about to publish a special bulletin in regard to the common quail, or "bobwhite," which, it declares, is one of the best friends of the American farmer. A single bobwhite will eat half an ounce of weed seed daily from September 1 to April 30—representing a total consumption by 351 820 quail (estimated) in the States of Virginia and Carolina of 1341 tons of the seeds of noxious plants.

In addition, the quail is a destroyer of harmful insects, such as the grasshopper, the potato-bug, the cotton-boll weevil, the cutworm and the army-worm. The chicks, it appears, are particularly fond of bugs, and actually cause a greater destruction of wicked insects, proportionally, than the adult birds. Furthermore, whereas most other useful birds confine themselves to woodlands, swamps, hedges or fence-rows, the bobwhite feeds directly among field crops, working for the farmer in the most effective way imaginable. In the South it is found in cotton fields; in the North it delights in wheat stubble; in the West its favorite feeding-ground is cornfields.

The demand for quail-shooting by sportsmen is so great that, with proper management, some farms of from five hundred to a thousand acres would probably, in the opinion of the Government experts, yield a larger income from bobwhites than from poultry. Many farms in North Carolina derive a regular income from this source, shooting-rights being leased to wealthy gunners, who willingly pay considerable sums for the privilege in localities where the birds are abundant. In some places in Maryland and Virginia the sportsman pays the landowner from five to twenty-five cents for every quail shot. Often the farmer or his boy is hired as a guide to locate the birds.

Millions of dollars can be made by the proper management of the quail crop of the United States. The time is not far distant, perhaps, when landowners will protect their



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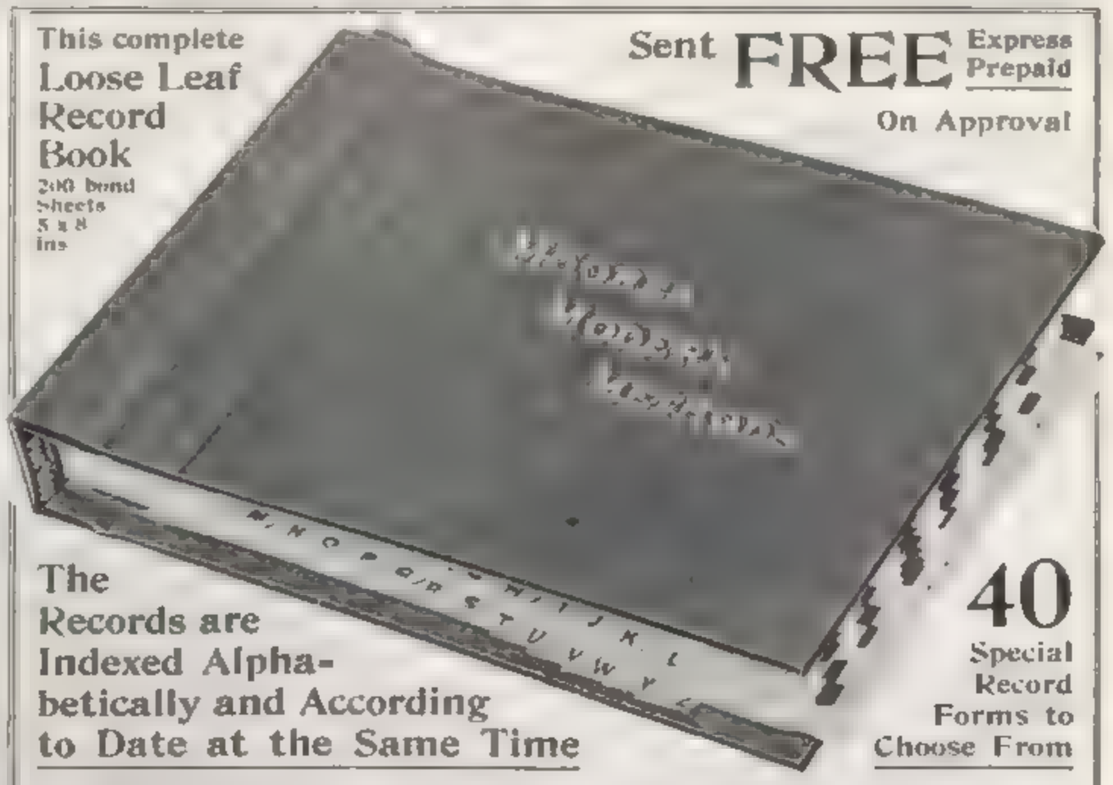

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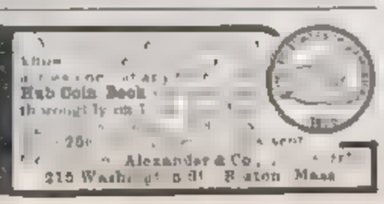

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GOOD NEWS FOR THE DOLL-BABIES—SOME OF US HAVE DOLL-FACES; SO DOLLS ARE TO HAVE HUMAN FACES.

IN THE evolution of the doll the latest step is in the direction of improving the face, to render it more human and prettier. This remark applies more particularly to the finest dolls, whose heads are moulded out of the composition called "bisque." Such dolls cannot be made in this country because clays of the quality and properties requisite for the purpose are not found in the United States

The object in view is to substitute a natural expression for the typical vacuity of the conventional doll's countenance. It is, of course, a problem of sculpture purely, the designers of dolls' heads being artists of high skill. The heads are modeled in wax to begin with, and from the original thus produced a mold of gypsum is made, into which the clay composition is poured When a particularly pretty face is secured by a happy stroke, it is patented, in order that it may not be used by rival manufacturers

The home of the dolls, par excellence, is Sonneberg, a place of about 20,000 inhabitants, in Thuringia. This is the region of the famous Black Forest, where more toys of all kinds are made than anywhere else in the world. The children from mere babyhood are obliged to help in the manufacture, and it is said that even the little girls detest dolls with a feverish intensity, owing to the surfeit of them from which they suffer

Both boys and girls are compelled to study drawing and modeling, in order that they may be able to produce artistic manikins and other playthings

The finest doll-heads of bisque go through an elaborate process of baking, in order that their complexions may have exactly the desired hue. Finally, they are painted with a skill that is really wonderful, the glass eyes are put in and the requisite wigs give the finishing touch. These wigs are of mohair, the fleece of the Angora goat, and look exactly like human hair, though far superior to the latter for the purpose, inasmuch as the fibre is naturally curly and holds its color

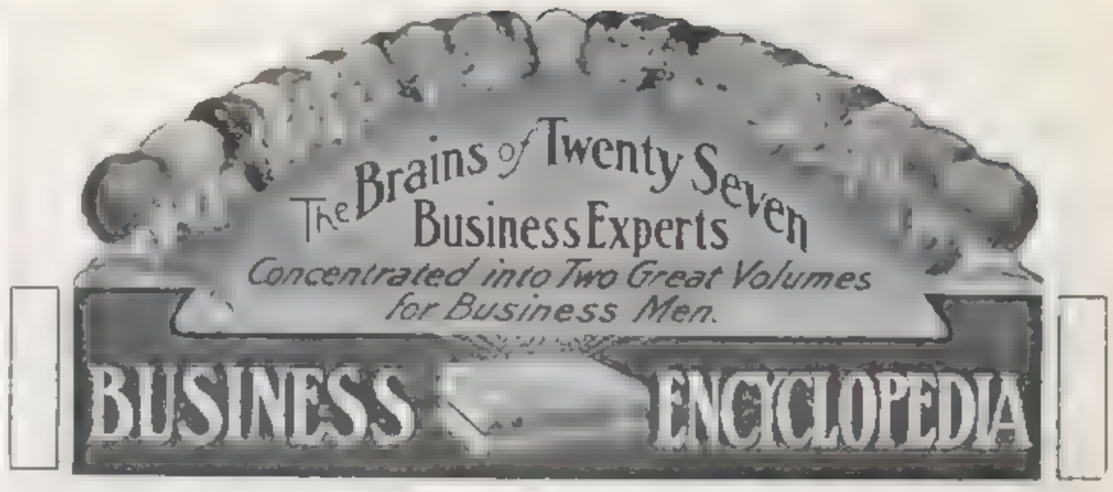
SHALL RATS BE MADE USEFUL?—IT IS A HARD TASK, AND THE RODENT FROM PERSIA IS A DANGEROUS LAD.

THE desirableness of turning rats to some useful account has often been urged, but not until recently has any practicable method of accomplishing the purpose been discovered. In the recent war against Russia, however, the Japanese soldiers have been supplied with tens of thousands of ear muffs fashioned out of rat skins; and very comfortable have they found them when exposed to the wintry blasts of Manchuria.

There is no possibility that rats will ever figure importantly in the fur market—partly for the reason that their skins are too small, and also because they are too thin and easily torn. Much talk there has been of making gloves out of such material, but it is altogether out of the question, owing to the smallness of the individual pelts.

Attempts have been made to turn them to account for the thumbs of gloves, which are usually of thinner skin than the rest, but this was found impracticable.

The common gray rat is supposed to have been originally a native of Persia. It was not known in Europe much more than two hundred years ago, and thirty years ago it was comparatively unfamiliar in this country, being called the "wharf rat," or "ship rat," to distinguish it from the black rats which infested houses. Since then, however, the black rats have been driven out of our cities almost entirely by the larger and fiercer gray species. The gray rat, indeed, is an animal so formidable that the average cat is not disposed to tackle it, and it does not hesitate to attack a man if he happens to be caught at a disadvantage. Only six years ago two children in Dorchester, Massachusetts, were killed by rats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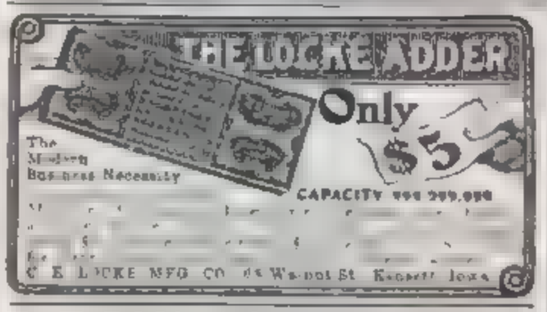

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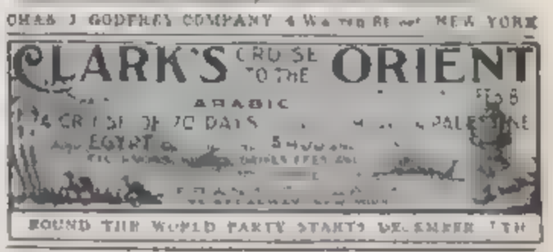

ROUND THE WORLD PARTY STARTS DECEMBER 7TH

POULTRY

A Magazine for All Poultry Lovers

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POULTRY PUBLISHING CO.
Box 12, Pontoon, Illinois

The Bolton Girl's "Position"

(Concluded from Page 5)

dukes and lords and kings in the land had laid suit to her hand, and she could find none who came up to her highest ideal, so she set them a task—and oh, a lot more about what they did; I haven't thought that out—but anyway she married the red duke Wolfang, who spurned her task and took her by night with his retainers away from the tower, saying her love was his holy grail and to get her was the object of his pilgrimage. Oh, it's just grand."

No, we didn't use serials, and when we did we bought them in stereotyped plates by the pound. Which made Miss Bolton droop, with another disappointed "Oh." The grain of the world seems so course when one looks at it closely.

We did not see Miss Bolton at the office for a long time after the duke abducted the lady in the moated grange but we got a poem signed M. B. "To Dan Cupid," and another on "My Heart of Fire." Also we got an anonymous communication in a strangely familiar fat vertical handwriting to the effect that "some people in this town think that if a young lady has a gentleman friend call on her more than twice a week it is their business to assume a courtship They should know that there are souls on this earth whose tendrils reach into the infinite beyond the gross materiality of this mundane sphere to a destiny beyond the stars." At the bottom of the page were the words: "Please publish and oblige a subscriber."

And the next we heard of Miss Bolton was that she was running pink and blue baby-ribbon through her white things, and was expecting a linen shower from the T. T. T. girls, a silver shower from the "Giddy Young Things," a handkerchief shower from the Entre Nous girls, and a kitchen shower from the Imperial Club. Miss Larrabee, the society editor, began to hate Miss Bolton with the white-hot hate which all society editors turn on all brides. Miss Larrabee was authority for the statement that Maybelle had used five hundred yards of baby-ribbon—pink and blue and white and yellow—in her trousseau, and that she was bestowing the same passionate fervor on her hemstitching and tucking that she wasted on literature, and that she was helping papa and mamma by shouldering the biggest wedding on them since the Tomlinsons went into bankruptcy after their fireworks ceremonial. Miss Larrabee said that Papa Bolton's livery-stable was burning up so fast she wanted to call out the fire-department, and that Mamma Bolton made her think of the patent-medicine testimonials we printed from "poor tired women."

The day of the wedding the blow came. A very starched-up little boy with strawberry juice frescoed around his mouth brought in a note from Maybelle, and a tightly-rolled manuscript tied with blue baby-ribbon. In the note she said that she thought it would be so romantic to "write up her own wedding—recalling the dear, dead days when she was a neophyte in letters." We handed the manuscript to Miss Larrabee, from whom, as she read, came snorts: "'Drawing-room!' Huh! 'Music-room.' Heavens to Betsy! 'Peculiar style of beauty!' Oh, joy! 'Looked like a wood-nymph in the morn.' Wouldn't that saturate you! 'The Apollo-like beauty of the groom.'" Miss Larrabee groaned as she rose, and putting her rain-coat on the floor by her chair she exclaimed: "Do you people know what I am going to do? I have got to lie right down here and have a fit!"

A Troublesome Errand

"JOHN," said Mrs. Bassett, as they sat at breakfast in their pretty suburban home, "we must have a new hoe. Shall I order one from Moneymaker's by mail, or will you go up there to-day and get one?"

"I'll go and get it, my dear. A hoe is rather an important implement, and should be carefully selected."

At noon, therefore, Mr. Bassett went uptown to Moneymaker's department store, and inquired of the affable floor-walker where he might find hoes.

"Street floor, third aisle to the left," was the reply, and John Bassett marched on, thinking how much more methodically a man shops than a woman.

But when he reached the counter he saw nothing but stockings

"I beg pardon," he said to the pompadoured saleslady, "I was mistakenly directed. I wish to see hoes."

"Right here, sir," said the pompadoured one. "Twenty-five cents a pair."

"Oh," said Mr. Bassett, a light breaking in on him. "I don't mean that kind of hose. I mean just common, ordinary *hoes*."

"These are the cheapest we have, sir. Twenty-five cents a pair."

"But I mean hoes; I don't want a pair. I only want one."

The girl stared.

"We never separate a pair of hose, sir."

"If you did, would they be half-hose?" said Bassett, unable to quell his humorous instinct

Again the salesgirl stared haughtily, and Mr. Bassett hastened to add: "I beg your pardon, I'm sure. But I don't mean this kind of hose at all. I mean garden hoes."

"You could wear this kind in the garden," said the girl accommodatingly, and Bassett turned away in despair.

"Look here," he said to a floor-walker, "can't you tell me where to find hoes. Garden hoes, you know, to use in the country—in a small garden"

"Certainly, sir. You'll find what you want in the basement, at the foot of these stairs."

Downstairs Bassett marched, and, after arriving at the department indicated, found himself surrounded by a fine assortment of large reels of rubber hose.

"Where can I find *hoes?*" he exclaimed, gazing at the clerk in exasperation.

"Right here, sir Will you have black rubber, brown rubber, or electric hose?"

"Not that kind: I mean *hoes*, for a gardener, you know."

"Yes, sir. This is our best garden hose."

John Bassett looked at the clerk.

"Never mind," he said; "I've decided I don't want to look at hoes, after all. I'm going to buy a rake." —*Carolyn Wells.*

The Followers

(Concluded from Page 10)

get over these things. I know one does. Promise you'll be patient; promise not to do anything till you've seen me again."

"I'll promise anything you like. Go and get dry," he said.

They went up the garden side by side

"I know one gets over these things," she said, "because I don't care a bit now about *him*—not a scrap."

He stopped short. "Then why on earth," he said, "did you try to drown yourself?"

"It was the only way I could think of to save you," she said; "and I did save you. You'll never—I wish," she added in a very small voice, "I wish I hadn't said 'No' when you asked me to help you to forget."

"And you thought I—oh, you dear, precious, little duffer, not to have seen that I forgot her long ago! Don't you know you *have* helped me to forget?"

"Oh," she said, "I'm so glad!" Their wet faces met in the chill night.

"It's all very well," he said in the next morning's dry, warm sunshine as he and she, both extravagantly happy, sat on the hehened rocks and looked out on the gorgeous garment that autumn had laid upon the forest as well as on a perfectly new world—"it's all very well and you're a heroine, and I adore you from the top of your darling head to the soles of your darling feet—but suppose I hadn't been able to swim?"

"Well, you'd have gone to find some one who could. Anyway, I should have stopped your doing—what you weren't going to do. What were you doing on the bridge at all?"

"I go there every night," he said simply, "to look at your window."

"But why," she asked, "did you get up on the parapet?"

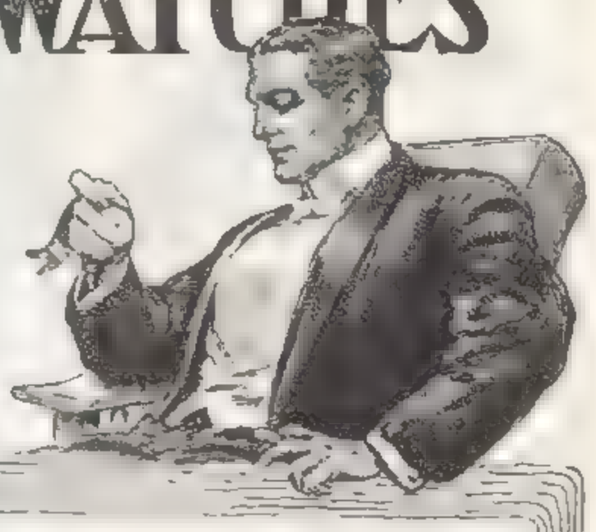
"I saw there was a light in the hotel," he said. "I was afraid you were awake and unhappy—about *him*. I wanted to see whether the light was in your window. But—oh, my dear, brave, romantic, beloved one—suppose I hadn't been able to swim!"

She laughed. "I can swim like a fish!"

And he laughed, too. They both laughed, but softly, because to them both the forest was a Temple—the Temple of a New Life.

New England Watches

The Best Value Watches



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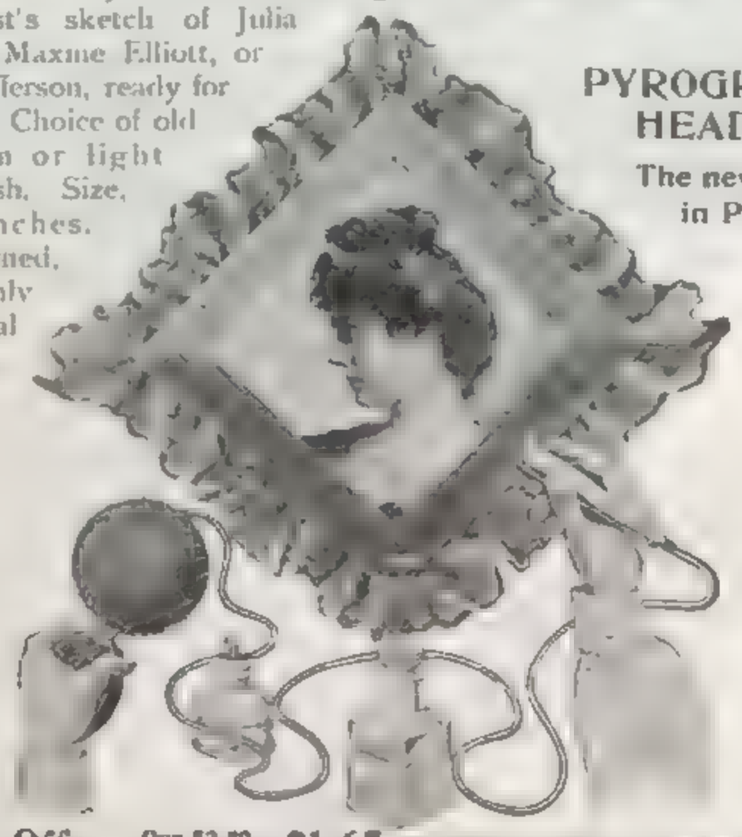

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Buck Murphy's Mollification

(Continued from Page 8)

rounding chin so happily near him, the play of dimples, and the parting of smiling red lips over little, milk-white teeth. But he had to talk to himself. Vaingloriously he spoke of his triumphs in the political field, of his hard-won graft, and his successful pool-room operations.

"Wouldn't you sooner do something decent?'

Buck started. "Decent?" he repeated.

"Do you think all that is decent?" she asked, looking at him seriously.

"Sure," he replied doggedly, but his eyes fell before hers.

"Come," she said after a short silence, rising and putting on her hat. "It's getting late and I must go. Mother will be wondering."

"Sit down a minute," said Buck masterfully—almost harshly.

The girl looked at him coolly and then turned and began to walk away. He jumped up, and, overtaking her, began to laugh, but she did not even smile and his face darkened. They walked along in silence until they came to the car-line, where the usual Sunday evening crowd was waiting, then Buck's firm grasp closed upon her arm. "Here's a car comin'," he said. "We'll have to step lively."

He thrust through the clustering groups with an anxious eye on a vacant seat as the heavily-laden car slowed down, but, as he helped Selma on, a man made a rush for the footboard and edged in front of her. Buck jerked him down with some violence and the girl slipped into the vacant seat just as the man, with an oath, made another rush for it. This time Buck's disengaged hand shot out and grasped him by the collar and dexterously swung him around; at the same time his foot propelled the too insistent individual headlong into the street. The car started, and, before the ejected one could rise to his hands and knees, was half a block away.

Buck's face wreathed in an exultant grin as he looked back. "Dat's de original Battinski," he observed to the conductor.

He turned to Selma, but there was anything but approval in her countenance.

"You ain't mad wid me for dat?" he whispered, bending toward her. "Say, I'm just agoin' to squeeze de rubber ball. Look pleasant, girlie. Watch out fer de little bird what's agoin' to fly out of de box."

The pleading drollery of his manner was hard to resist, but Selma hardened her heart and was silent.

"Bet you can't look me in de face," whispered Buck.

She raised her eyes and looked at him, steadily and contemptuously, and slowly the confident smile left his face and he turned rather pale.

"Here's where I get off at, den," he said, grimly.

The girl turned and looked at the advertisements that decorated the other side of the car, and without another word Murphy dropped lightly from the footboard.

Miss Bernstein at the store accused Selma of weeping the next morning; she based the charge on the evidence of red and swollen eyelids and a certain puffiness of the nose. Selma explained that these appearances were merely symptomatic of a cold, but if that was the case the cold seemed in a fair way of becoming chronic. Just as the features alluded to were regaining their normal size and color, a fresh attack within a day or two brought their redness and puffiness back. She became low-spirited, too, and so inattentive to her duties that Mr. Tabin spoke sharply to her more than once.

"I don't see what's the matter with you, Miss Pederson," he said. "What were you thinking about when you gave that lady a darning-egg? She asked for skirt-binding plain enough."

Selma colored to the nape of her pretty neck and tears sprang to her eyes.

"Brace up and 'tend to business if you don't want to lose your job," said the floor-walker severely as he turned away.

If only she were a man, Selma thought indignantly—a strong, broad-shouldered, ready sort of man—to take that dapper, conceited little wretch by the neck and shake him into a limp bundle! She knew such a man—or had known him, for Buck Murphy no longer lingered in the

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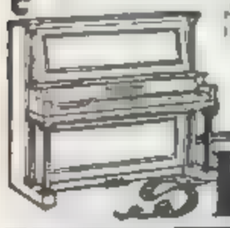

PIANOS

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ozone-laden neighborhood of the corner drug store. If he ever bought notions, he bought them at some other establishment. When the six o'clock rivulets of chattering, laughing shop-girls poured forth to swell the mighty home-going current on State Street, there was no audacious Buck waiting with twinkling eyes and mock apprehension to lift his hat to her and tag along. She often looked, but he was never there.

Well, Selma didn't care if he wasn't. As the weeks went on, Selma didn't care still more—and still more often. Yet she must have had some curiosity about the young man, for she asked Inez McCarty if she still went to "them Luxembourg Hall dances."

"Sure," answered Inez. "Don't you want to come next Choosday?"

"Not me," replied Selma. "I suppose that Mr.—Mr. Murphy still goes there?"

"Ain't seen him since that night you was there," said Inez. "Somebody said he'd quit his gang."

That was about all Inez knew except that the girl with the red dress still attended the dances and was "goin' with" Al. Burmeister. It was a disappointment not to hear more, yet it was also something to know that, wherever he was and whatever he was doing, that pert, black-eyed creature in the red dress at least was not consoling him.

As if he needed consolation! Selma laughed bitterly. It was just a momentary fancy he had taken to her. She was no doubt forgotten long before this

"I'm no doll-chaser; never think it. . . . When I see the real thing I ain't passin' it up."

And again, "Look pleasant, girlie."

She choked on her recollections with a sob. What a mean, snippety thing she had been—picking at him the whole time! No wonder he quit; and she didn't blame him.

But it was not long before she learned something that thrilled her with a joy so intense, a hope so strong, that she could hardly contain herself. The medium of her information was the bushy-headed youth in whose behalf she had intervened on the fateful night of the dance. He was gazing with pensive longing at a suit marked down from twenty-five to fifteen dollars in a shop-window when Selma saw him. Ordinarily she would have passed him by. As it was, she touched him on the arm and smiled at him enchantingly when he turned around. Little hypocrite!

Sure, he was going her way. All points of the compass were alike to that highly-flattered young man under such charming circumstances. It is possible that he was naturally a little conceited, yet if he imagined that he had made a decided impression on the pretty pink-cheeked girl he might easily be excused. The little smiling side-glance Selma gave him, her quick and thorough appreciation of his mild sallies of wit, her whole attitude of admiring attention to all that he said, might have fooled a more experienced man. And duplicity was foreign to Selma's nature, too. It was astonishing how well she did it.

The drift of the conversation was inevitable. Presently the young man found himself talking of Buck Murphy.

"Just a bluffer, he was," he said. "If my foot hadn't slipped an' it hadn't been that I didn't want to scrap in a place like that, I'd shown him a thing or two right then. He wouldn't have stood up though, not in a fight. Tubby Kehoe tried to coax a fight out of him a month ago an' he backed right down an' walked away with Tubby callin' him all the names he could lay his tongue to. He resigned from the ward club. I guess if he hadn't the boys would have fired him. They say he lost his nerve, but I don't believe he ever had none. He's lost his soft snap in the assessor's office, too. He never did do nothin' but draw his pay. He gave out he threw that up, but I think I see him throwing up a hundred and twenty-five a month to go into a one-horse feed-store business on Wisconsin Avenue."

"Is that what he's doing?" asked Selma.

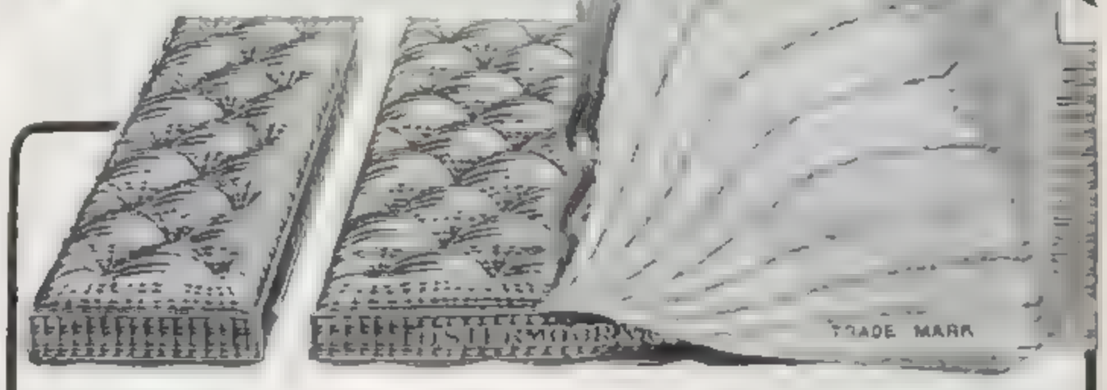
"Sure. Down on Wisconsin Avenue I seen him hustlin' baled hay into a wagon there this mornin'. Say, can't I make a date with you for to-night? Ever been to Sans Souci?"

Here he paused for a reply. It was a long pause, too. Presently Selma said: "What number is it?"

"Number?" He looked at her blankly. "Oh, never mind," said Selma hurriedly. "I was thinking of something else. I'm going in here. I'll say good-by."

OSTERMOOR

MATTRESS $15.



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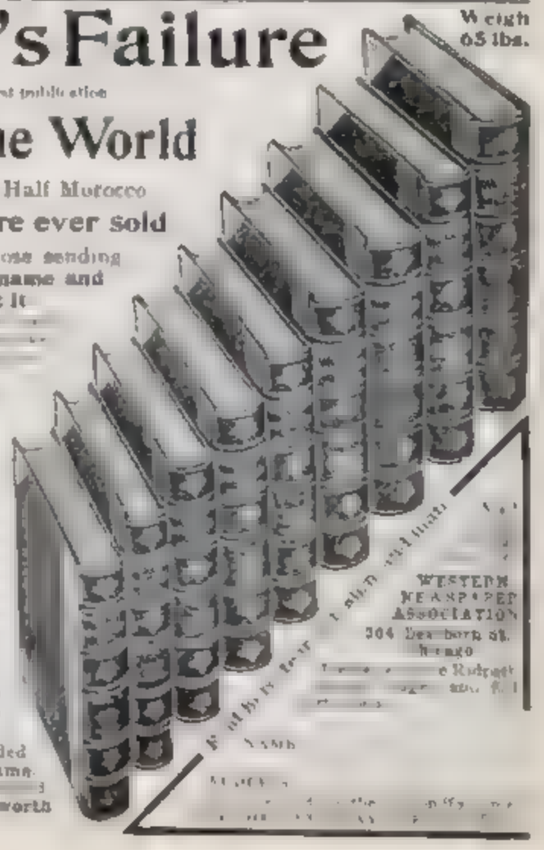

$1.00 Only of your **Xmas Money NOW**

[illegible] eal loving men and women, and about them he weaves the rise and fall of empires in such a fascinating style that history becomes [illegible] 200,000 Americans [illegible] love Ridpath.

Have you [illegible] this have decided [illegible] some day; **now is the time.** [illegible] English-speaking [illegible] this the only history of the world worth having. **SEND COUPON TO-DAY.**

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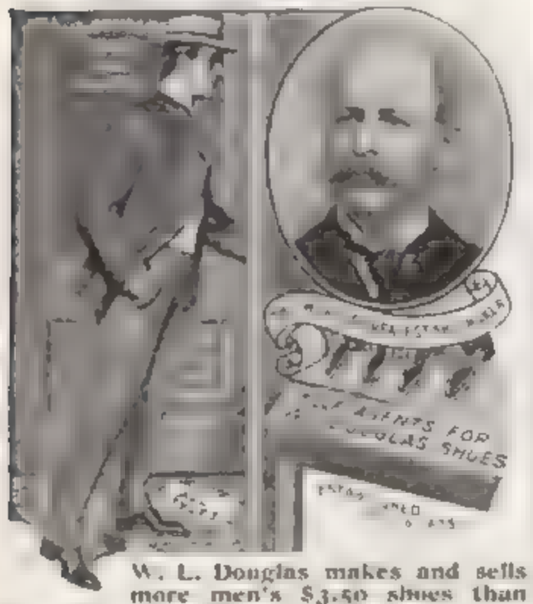
$3.50 and $3.00 SHOES FOR MEN

W. L. Douglas $4.00 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equalled at any price.



W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's $3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

$10,000 REWARD to anyone who can disprove this statement.

W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes have by their excellent style, easy fitting, and superior wearing qualities, achieved the largest sale of any $3.50 shoe in the world. They are just as good as those that cost you $5.00 to $7.00—the only difference is the price. If I could take you into my factory at Brockton, Mass., the largest in the world under one roof making men's fine shoes, and show you the care with which every pair of Douglas shoes is made, you would realize why W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes are the best shoes produced in the world.

If I could show you the difference between the shoes made in my factory and those of other makes, you would understand why Douglas $3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other $3.50 shoe on the market to-day.

W. L. Douglas Strong Made Shoes for Men, $2.50, $2.00.
Boys' School and Dress Shoes, $2.50, $2, $1.75, $1.50.

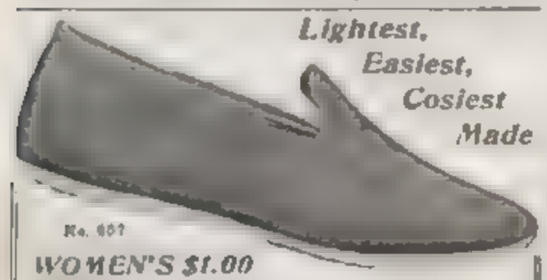
CAUTION—Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. Take no substitute. None genuine without his name and price stamped on bottom.

WANTED. A shoe dealer in every town where W. L. Douglas Shoes are not sold. Full line of samples sent free for inspection upon request.

Fast Color Eyelets used; they will not wear brassy. Write for Illustrated Catalog of Fall Styles.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

Lightest, Easiest, Cosiest Made



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WOMEN'S $1.00
MEN'S $1.25
DELIVERED

Comfy Slipper

Made of pure wool felt, soft leather soles with one inch of carded wool between felt inner sole and felt and leather outer soles, making a perfect cushion tread. Ideal for the bedroom. Weight 8 ounces.

Colors: Navy Blue, Drab, Brown and Red

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College Hockey Skates

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Makers of all kinds of skates, including skates especially designed for rink use, figure skating, hockey and skate sailing.

All Clamp and Half Clamp Skates to screw on
Fine and Finest Ranges Sport Skates
Durable Runner Skates for Children Wood Tip
Only practical brace to support weak ankles Runners
Ask your dealer for WINSLOW VINEYARD WINSLOW ROLLER SKATES

She gave him the coolest possible little nod and vanished through the swinging doors of the store. The young man stood for a moment or two, open-mouthed in astonishment; then, as he was jostled by the passers-by, he recalled his suddenly scattered faculties and walked slowly away. Not the first case of its kind by many, many thousands, my brothers!

For some time after that, even after the first exaltation of delight had subsided, Selma felt a happy assurance that all was well. If her influence had done this for him, it was no little thing. The sweetest triumph a woman can know was hers then. But the comfortable glow at her heart was to die out in time, for if the man had been reclaimed by the strength of his love for her, why had he not come to her then? To this she could answer that he would not know that she cared. Well, some day she might go to him. She could pass his place, and then if he saw her and spoke to her, she could show him that she was at least his friend, howsoever he might feel toward her. This was her last comfort. At any time she could do this—and so she quite naturally deferred doing it.

As a matter of fact this determination of Selma's—for it amounted to a determination—was never carried out. One evening, as she was clinging to a strap in the street car, on her homeward way, she involuntarily looked over the shoulder of a man who stood near her reading a newspaper with glaring black headlines. From one column to another her eyes wandered. Beef Trust Inquiry, the Russian Defeat, the Van Opdon divorce—and then, under a three-four head:

WARD LEADER STABBED

Late Precinct Captain Victim of Italian Stiletto

A dozen times the rocking of the car threw the print out of her train of vision, but as often her fascinated eyes darted back unerringly to the lines it had left until she had seen the whole:

> Buck Murphy, until recently an active figure in Eighteenth-Ward politics, was seriously if not fatally wounded early this morning by Stefano Moldini, an Italian pedler living at 731 Caroline Street. Moldini and another Italian, named Ficino, became engaged in an altercation in front of Murphy's feed-store, 896 Wisconsin Avenue. Both men drew their knives and were struggling together when Murphy attempted to separate them. In the mêlée he was stabbed twice in the side by Moldini, it is asserted. He was conveyed to the County Hospital, where it was declared his recovery was doubtful. The Italians were arrested.

"Hello!" exclaimed a man, starting up from his seat. "The girl's going to faint!" He caught Selma by the waist as she swayed, and supported her to the rear platform. There, with a strong effort, she raised her drooping head and in a moment stood up.

"I'll be all right now," she said with white lips. "I can stand now."

"It's the air," said the man sympathetically. "I don't see what they're running closed cars for this time of the year."

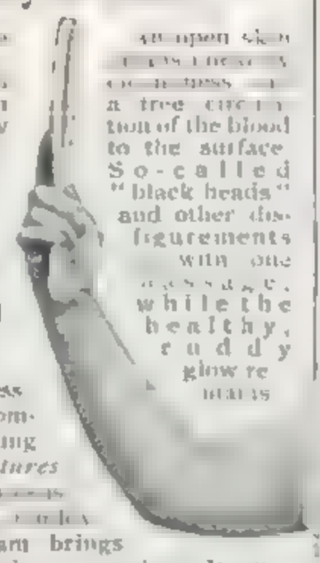
The man continued to support her, but she was hardly conscious of it. She imperfectly realized that he got off when she did and led her home, but she knew nothing clearly until she flung herself on her mother's bosom in a storm of convulsive sobs. Then again came that curious blankness.

"There was a man around from the hospital with a message," she heard her mother say presently. "He wants to see you."

She was out of the house again, and her mother was with her, talking to her in a soothing voice as she hurried along. She was in a street car and people were looking at her curiously—she wondered why, for she was calm, very calm. There was no reason why her mother should keep repeating there was no danger. How should there be danger? There could not be. She was going to see him—going to see him!

Another blank, and then they were walking along glistening white corridors, coming in time to an elevator-shaft the gates of which opened to emit a long rubber-tired wheeled thing, sheet-covered, showing the outlines of a shape, at the sight of which she shuddered and drew closer to the supporting arm that trembled in her clutch. As the thing rolled away she heard a voice

A woman is as old as she looks
How old do you look?



The secret is in the pores. Pompeian Massage Cream cleans them when clogged by dust and by talcum powder put on to remove grease and shine. On this all its other work depends.

Every Gentlewoman Knows

that her attractiveness depends on a clear complexion and good coloring. The most beautiful *features* in the world are marred by a yellow, oily or pasty skin. Pompeian Cream brings the blood to the pores and removes *shine*. It contains no grease, so it *makes no shine of its own*.

An open skin [illegible] a free circulation of the blood to the surface. So-called "black heads" and other disfigurements with one application, while the healthy, ruddy glow remains.

Pompeian Massage Cream

Removes Wrinkles Forever

Wrinkles are caused by loose skin. Pompeian Massage Cream is a true *skin food*, and used with gentle massage fills the little valleys, builds out sunken cheeks and insures smooth, ruddy, firm skin.

Pompeian Cream makes "cosmetics" unnecessary. Nothing else is needed for perfect results. Even face powder (which clogs the pores) should be avoided, as Pompeian Cream removes all face shine. Pompeian Massage Cream is massaged *in* and then rubbed *out*—the dirt comes with it.

We prefer you to buy of your dealer whenever possible. Do not accept a substitute for Pompeian under any circumstances. If your dealer does not keep it, send us his name, and we will send a 50c. or $1.00 jar of the cream postpaid on receipt of price.

It works by going—not by staying.

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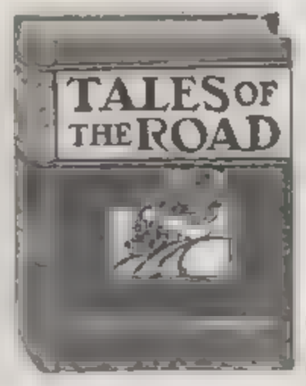
With one copy of our beautifully illustrated booklet [illegible] enables any gentlewoman to become [illegible] modern aids to cleanliness—if you [illegible]

Gentlemen [illegible] after shaving [illegible] away the smart after a close shave. [illegible] It is applied by the best barbers (look for the name and trade mark on the jar) or may be used [illegible]

POMPEIAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
49 Prospect Street Cleveland, Ohio

Tales of the Road

By CHARLES N. CREWDSON



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A Book for Salesmen
A Book for Ambitious Young Men

It will give you NEW IDEAS.
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It will STIMULATE your ambition.
It will give you Bully Entertainment.
It will put DOLLARS in your pocket.

It is loaded down with bright, clever, snappy stories full of human nature that are crackerjacks. On the [illegible] it contains more practical pointers in the art of SELLING GOODS that can be had from any other source. It [illegible] of lessons in the [illegible] by scores of [illegible] Some of the [illegible] The Square Deal Wins, Social Arts as Salesmen's Assets, Tricks of the Trade, How to Get on the Road, First Experience in Selling, Tactics in Selling, 1, Tactics in Selling, 2, Tactics in Selling, 3, Cutting Prices, Cancelled Orders, Winning the Customer's Good Will, Salesmen's Don'ts, Hearts Behind the Order Book. The book contains many articles never before in print.

NOTE THESE CHAPTER HEADINGS

The Square Deal Wins
Social Arts as Salesmen's Assets
Tricks of the Trade
How to Get on the Road
First Experience in Selling
Tactics in Selling, 1
Tactics in Selling, 2
Tactics in Selling, 3
Cutting Prices
Cancelled Orders
Winning the Customer's Good Will
Salesmen's Don'ts
Hearts Behind the Order Book

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[illegible] a return for a little work done in leisure [illegible] behind—we pay the [illegible]. If you are interested, send a line addressed to The Curtis Publishing Company, Phila.

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Sample Can Free

Is just pure Mocha and Java prepared in a new way. It is cut up (not ground) by knives of almost razor sharpness into small uniform particles. Thus it is not crushed as by the old method of grinding. The little oil cells remain unbroken and the essential oil (food product) cannot evaporate. Therefore Barrington Hall makes better coffee; 15 to 20 cups more to the pound and will keep perfectly until used.

But the main thing about Barrington Hall Coffee is that it can be used without ill effect by those who find ordinary coffee injures them, because the yellow tannin-bearing skin and dust (the only injurious properties of coffee) are removed by the steel-cut process. All fully explained in our booklet "The Secret of Good Coffee" (sent free). **"A delicious coffee, not a tasteless substitute."**

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Price, 35c. to 40c. per pound, according to locality. If your grocer will not supply you, let us tell you where to get it.

CAUTION: Barrington Hall is the only genuine Steel-Cut Coffee. Avoid so-called imitations. We own the process by patent right; and roast, steel-cut and pack in sealed tins by machinery at our factory.

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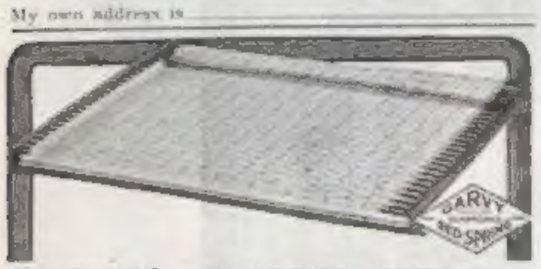
Please send me without expense sample can of Barrington Hall, the Steel-Cut Coffee, and booklet; in consideration I give herewith my grocer's name (on the margin).

My own address is



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The best in the world at any price. Sleep on it 30 days and if not found to be the most comfortable bed spring you ever slept on, return it at our expense and we will refund your money. Nothing like it on the market. The weight is distributed over the entire bed surface. Never tears the mattress. Strongest frame made. Never twists out of shape, never loses elasticity. Yields gently and gratefully but never sags under weight. Needs no supports.

Your dealer should be able to supply you but if not send us his name when ordering and we will see that you are supplied. Send for free booklet, "How to Choose a Bed Spring," and get our free catalogue.

THE GARVY CO., 75 Norton St., Chicago
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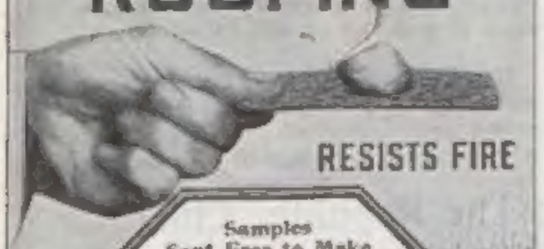
"The Resister"

Rex Flintkote ROOFING



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Fire generally spreads by sparks, embers and blazing brands setting fire to *shingle* and *tar roofs*. On REX FLINTKOTE they die out harmlessly. REX FLINTKOTE will slowly burn if lit on the edge, but *on the roof* no edges are exposed—only the fire-proof surface.

It is Good Fire Insurance

It resists fire and snow, heat, cold, and wear. Any workman can lay it—nails in each roll.

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Print Your Own Cards

circulars, &c. Press $5. Small newspaper Press $15. Money maker, saver. All easy, printed rules. Write to factory for catalogue of presses, type, paper, cards, etc.

THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

say: "No, not here. Farther along." And they passed on. Then there was a swift ascent and more glistening walls, and endless, endless rows of white beds.

Suddenly everything became clear. She was in a hospital ward, the County Hospital. And, on the pillow of the cot before her, Buck's red head flamed; his eyes were fixed upon her restfully, and ——

"Oh, Buck!"

She threw herself on her knees beside the bed and took the hand that lay outside the coverlet, her tears dropping fast upon it.

"What's this?" said a sharp voice. "We can't have this!"

"All right, Doc," said Murphy weakly, but cheerfully. "It's me goil—ain't it, Selma?"

For answer she carried his hand to her lips, pressed it to her cheek and her bosom.

"But we can't have it," reiterated the doctor irritably. Then, as Selma's eyes, full of agonized questioning, met his, he smiled. "We'll have him thrown out of here inside of a week," he said. "He's all right. You must go now, though. They had no business to let you in."

"Keep your shirt on a second, Doc," said the patient. "I've got suthin' to say to de little loidy. Girlie," he whispered, "I didn't do dis a-scrappin', honest. I was buttin' in an' dey give me de worst of it—dem dagoes—an' I'm doin' suthin' decent. I was comin' to you nex' Sunday, sure."

Her hand pressed gently over his mouth and she nodded. "I know," she said. "Oh, I know! You was too easy with them, that's why you got the worst of it. If you'd smashed 'em instead of trying to pull 'em apart —— Oh, Buck! Why didn't you?"

A minute later she was gone and Buck Murphy lay back on his pillow, his gray eyes twinkling at the ceiling and his mouth wreathed in an inexpressibly blissful grin.

LADY BALTIMORE

(*Continued from Page 13*)

"Haven't you noticed," I said, "or don't you feel it, away down here in your untainted isolation, the change, the great change, that has come over the American people?"

He wasn't sure.

"They've lost their grip on patriotism."

He smiled. "We did that here in 1861."

"Oh, no! You left the Union, but you loved what you considered was your country, and you love it still. That's just my point, just my strange discovery in Kings Port. You retain the thing we've lost. Our big men fifty years ago thought of the country, and what they could make it; our big men to-day think of the country and what they can make *out* of it. Rather different, don't you see? When I walk about in the North I merely meet members of trusts or unions—according to the length of the individual's purse; when I walk about in Kings Port I meet *Americans*."

"You certainly understand it all," John Mayrant repeated. "It's amazing to find you saying things that I have thought were my own private notions."

I laughed. "Oh, I fancy there are more than two of us in the country."

"Even the square piano and Mr. Pinckney," he went on. "I didn't suppose anybody had thought things like that, except myself."

"Oh," I again said lightly, "any American—any, that is, of the world—who has a colonial background for his family, has thought, probably, very much the same sort of things. Of course it would be all Greek or gibberish to the new people."

He took me up with animation. "The new people! My goodness, sir, yes! Have you seen them? Have you seen Newport, for instance?" His diction now (and I was to learn it was always in him a sign of heightening intensity) grew more and more like the formal speech of his ancestors. "You have seen Newport?" he said.

"Yes; now and then."

"But lately, sir? I knew we were behind the times down here, sir, but I had not imagined how much. Not by any means! Kings Port has a long road to go before she will consider marriage provincial and chastity obsolete."

"Dear me, Mr. Mayrant! Well, I must tell you that it's not all quite so—so advanced—as that, you know. That's not the whole of Newport."

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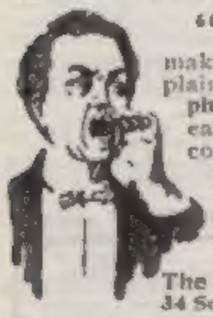

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He hastened to explain. "Certainly not, sir! I would not insult the honorable families whom I had the pleasure to meet there, and to whom my name was known because they had retained their good position since the days when my great-uncle had a house and drove four horses there himself. I noticed three kinds of Newport, sir."

"Three?"

"Yes. Because I took letters; and some of the letters were to people who—who once *had* been, you know; it was sad to see the thing, sir, so plain against the glaring proximity of the other thing. And so you can divide Newport into those who have to sell their old family pictures, those who have to buy their old family pictures, and the lucky few who need neither buy nor sell, who are neither going down nor bobbing up, but who have kept their heads above the American tidal wave from the beginning and continue to do so. And I don't believe that there are any nicer people in the world than those."

"Ah," I put in, "if only they set the pace!"

"If only!" he assented. "But it's the others who get into the papers, who dine the drunken dukes, and make poor chambermaids envious a thousand miles inland!"

"There should be a high tariff on drunken dukes," I said.

"You'll never get it!" he declared. "It's the Republican party whose daughters marry them."

I rocked with enjoyment where I sat; he was so refreshing. And I agreed with him so well. "You're every bit as good as Miss Beaufain," I cried.

"Oh, no; oh, no! But I often think if we could only deport the negroes and Newport together to one of our distant islands, how happily our two chief problems would be solved!"

I still rocked. "Newport would, indeed, enjoy your plan for it. Do go on!" I entreated him. But he had, for the moment, ceased; and I rose to stretch my legs and saunter among the old headstones and the wafted fragrance.

His aunt (or his cousin, or whichever of them it had been) was certainly right as to his inheriting a pleasant and pointed gift of speech; and a responsive audience helps us all. Such an audience I certainly was for young John Mayrant, yet beneath the animation that our talk had filled his eyes with lay (I seemed to see or feel) that other mood all the time, the mood which had caused the girl behind the counter to say to me that he was "anxious about something." The unhappy youth, I was gradually to learn, was much more than that—he was in a tangle of anxieties. He talked to me as a sick man turns in bed from pain; the pain goes on, but the pillow for a while is cool.

Here there broke upon us a little interruption, so diverting, so utterly like the whole quaint tininess of Kings Port, that I should tell it to you, even if it did not bear directly upon the matter which was beginning so actively to concern me—the love difficulties of John Mayrant.

It was the letter-carrier.

We had come, from our secluded seats, round a corner, and so by the vestry door and down the walk beside the church, and as I read to myself the initials upon the stones wherewith the walk was paved, I drew near the half-open gateway upon Worship Street. The postman was descending the steps of the post-office opposite. He saw me through the gate and paused. He knew me, too! My face, easily marked out amid the resident faces he was familiar with, had at once caught his attention; very likely he, too, had by now learned that I was interested in the battle of Cowpens; but I did not ask him this. He crossed over and handed me a letter.

"No use," he said most politely, "takin' it away down to Mistress Trevise's when you're right here, sir. Northern mail eight hours late to-day," he added, and bowing, was gone upon his route.

My home letter, from a man, an intimate running mate of mine, soon had my full attention, for on the second page it said:

"I have just got back from accompanying her to Baltimore. One of us went as far as Washington with her on the train. We gave her a dinner yesterday at the March Hare by way of farewell. I imagine our native girls will rejoice at her departure. However, nobody's engaged to her, at least nobody here. How many may fancy themselves so elsewhere I can't say. Her name is Hortense Rieppe."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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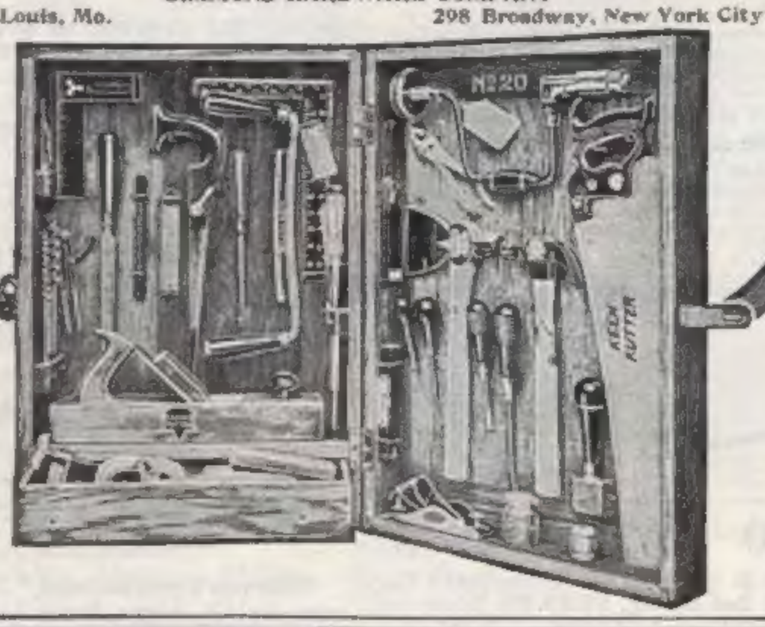

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